



S. Lodge delin. et vaulp.

YORICK'S JESTS:
O R,
WIT'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK,
ARRANGED ON A NEW PLAN.
BEING A-
CHOICE COLLECTION
O F

Humourous JESTS,
 Happy BONS MOTS,
 Strange ADVENTURES,
 Whimical SAYINGS,
 Difficult RIDDLES,
 Perplexing ÆNIGMAS,
 Smart REPARTEES,

Ridiculous BLUNDERS,
 Droll TALES,
 Pleasant STORIES,
 Keen EPIGRAMS,
 Puzzling REBUSSES,
 Original CROSS READ-
 INGS, &c. &c.

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS AND ANECDOTES OF
 VOLTAIRE, STERNE, G. A. STEVENS,
 FOOT, QUIN, BEAU NASH,
 Ld. CHESTERFIELD, THORNTON, NED SHUTER,
 Dr. JOHNSON, GARRICK, GEO. SELWYN,
 MAT. PRIOR, COLMAN, COL. BODEN,
 Dean SWIFT, CHASE PRICE, &c. &c.

And other CELEBRATED WITS of the last and present Age.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, A
CHOICE SELECTION
O F
TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

"YORRICK! I knew him—a fellow of infinite jest; of most
 "excellent fancy—gibes—gambols—songs—and flashes of
 "merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar."

SHAKESPEARE.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N,

Printed for S. BLADON, Paternoster-Row.

Price ONE SHILLING.



P R E F A C E.

SO many Collections of Jest's have been published, and even the worst of them have been generally so well received, that little seems necessary to be said, as an apology for adding one dish more to the entertainment served up to the Public.

To use the name of **YORICK**, however, as the *Sir Clement Cotterell*, or *Master of the Ceremonies*, to announce a compilation of this kind, can by no means be deemed either unfair or inapposite. From the Jester of King Horwendillus, in the Court of Elsinour, to the time of his name's being assumed by the ingenious author of *Tristram Shandy*, the name of **YORICK** held a very high form among those characters most celebrated for jocular pleasantry. Of that eminent Humourist who graced the Court of Denmark, we are told by the man who best described human nature in her various deflexions, that "he was a fellow of infinite jest, and of a most excellent fancy:" and his best epitaph may be collected from Hamlet's apostrophe to his dead head: 'Here hung these lips that I have kissed I know not how oft! Where be your Gibes now? your Jest's?
' your

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‘ your Songs ? your Flashes of Merri-
 ‘ ment, that were wont to set the table in
 ‘ a rear ? Not one now to mock your
 ‘ own grinning ! quite chap-fallen ! Now
 ‘ get you to my lady’s table, and tell her,
 ‘ let her paint an inch thick, to this com-
 ‘ plexion she must come at last : make her
 ‘ laugh at that ’——

Thus much as to the Original : The name of YERICK has had some further reasons for its present application.

No reader can be a stranger to the Gentleman who chose to be distinguished by that name ; and who will be remembered until taste, ingenuity, sentiment, and philanthropy, are no more ; that is, until the character of my *Uncle Toby* can be forgotten. Of his humorous and festive faculties, his own works are the best record. The following sheets comprise not only such of his Jestings as have obtained a part in his own publications, but many others which have been either attributed to him, or which he has been known to approve.

That Jestings was not that very light thing which men now esteem it, may be easily proved with so much learning as would seem to treat a joke too seriously ; and it may therefore surprize men who have not read much to hear, that even the grave and *sententious* PLUTARCH may be accounted one of our best Jest-Collectors, having in his *Morals* preserved a number of
 Jokes

P R E F A C E. v

Jokes which do not lose by their age, but remain perfectly pointed. They have one Jest against them, however; that is, that "*every thing but a Bishop is hurt by translation.*"

CICERO, also, in one of his most laborious works, (wherein he gives instructions to become, what he was so eminently himself, a good orator,) spends more than twenty pages in instructing in the art of Jestings agreeably, which he, in his 2d book of his *Orator*, says, however, can be taught by no art: "*multum facetias in dicendo prodesse, et eas arte nullo modo prodesse tradi.*"

Lord BACON likewise, in his *Apophthegms*, drew together all the wit of that sort existing at that time; but it was mixed with so much of a grave kind, as to leave his book unopened, except by men of a class who, notwithstanding their gravity, wish to unbend, if they can do it with dignity.

Jesting made a considerable part of the etiquette of ancient Courts; and while a regular Jester and a Poet-Laureat were really Wits and Poets, the continuation of the offices were useful; but since they have both degenerated, and are neither the one nor the other, we cannot see why, in this hour of public reform, the one office should not be dismissed as well as the other.

The utility of compositions of this sort need hardly be pursued farther than to
Par-

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Parliament, where Mr. C—TNEY upon all occasions, and Mr. R—GBY on not a few, depend on their aid only ; where Mr. B—KE, notwithstanding his gravity, runs a Jest-hunting through the whole field of metaphor ; where Mr. F—X has his laughable strokes of mirth and pleasantry ; and where even Lord SH—BURNE himself has formerly made a Jest of a Great Personage, by alluding, in speaking of him, to a King of Mahrattas, where the Council appoint a Peshaw, or Minister, who rules over the Sovereign ; that is, in Trinculo's language in Shakespeare —“ Ay, Stephano, you shall be King, “ but I'll be *Viceroy* over you.”

A droll Wag, who was fond of punning, asked what was *Majesty*, if deprived of the externals ? None of our readers will find any difficulty in getting at *A Jest* in that.—This, however, is parliamentary language, and not so proper for Jestlers by profession ; though perhaps a Satirist might say, that in the present mode of carrying on the business of Parliament, the Members of it are at least practical Jestlers.

We shall leave this Jest of the Legislature, and look among the PHYSICIANS, whose very gravity is a Jest. The LAW, too, is a professed system of Joking, of which an *incomplete Abridgement* may be seen in *twenty-three volumes folio* by VINER. In DIVINITY, our ingenious prototype, in more than one instance, has diverted his audience

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audience into a good humour with virtue ;
for

“ A Jest may catch him who a sermon flies,

“ And pray’r ascend instead of sacrifice.”

And every body must remember the success which attended the Rev. Dr. WHITFIELD, and now attends Mr. WESLEY, from their happy knack of telling a story. DANIEL BURGESS, in the last century, depended upon punning ; and HUGH PETERS the regicide killed his sovereign with a joke.

Having thus shewn the different purposes to which Jestings has been and may be applied, it may be necessary to point out in what this Collection differs from others of the same kind. It was intended to have given an account of the books which have been published under this denomination, from TARLETON, in the reign of Elizabeth, to the present compilation ; but besides that most of these publications are either anonymous or mere catchpenny productions, without any authentic name annexed to them, it would be too voluminous to annex to a bagatelle of this sort, and uninteresting to any but an Antiquarian, or, as some Jestors have said, “ *an anti-queer one.*” It has been therefore thought proper to omit a long dissertation on that subject for the present, and merely to give a new selection of the most approved Jestings, arranged under the names of their respective Authors.

Every

Every person who has read the various *Ana* which have at different times improved and entertained the Public, will see the utility of this arrangement in the present Collection, which we have reason to think will suit all tastes. Variety is the soul of compilations of this kind; and Variety here, we may affirm, is assisted by Novelty to recommend it.

Stale Jests, insipid Poems, and gross indecencies, we have carefully avoided; but the lively Jest, the true *Bon Mot*, the entertaining Blunder, and droll sayings, have been chiefly the objects of attention.—The sagacious Reader will likewise perceive that we have introduced a great number of *new Jests*, as well as some other pieces of genuine wit and humour which never appeared in any other Jest-Book, nor were committed to the Press in their present form, till the publication of this work.

Smart Epigrams, droll Epitaphs, entertaining Tales, Riddles, Rebusses, &c. have been remembered in our Poetry; which likewise abounds with many other articles which we flatter ourselves cannot fail to prove entertaining to the reader.

In a word: The EDITOR of this Jest-Book, modestly presuming that he has provided a good meal for those who love to laugh and grow fat, bids his readers fall to; and much good may it do them!

YORICK'S JESTS.

ROYAL BONS MOTS, &c.

THE present Emperor of Germany, in one of his familiar conversations, observed, "That it was hard indeed, because he " had the ill fortune to be an Emperor, that he " should be deprived of the pleasures of social life, " which were so much to his taste." A few days after this, there was an exhibition of fire-works on the Prater. This is a large park, surrounded by the Danube, over which there is a wooden bridge. No carriages are allowed to pass, and there is a narrow path railed off on one side.—A part of the crowd in passing over to the exhibition took this path, and they were so choked up, that they could not proceed. An English gentleman of an immoderate size, who had been at the countess Walstein's when the Emperor expressed himself as above, was labouring under the pressure of the mob in this path as the Emperor passed on the other side.—His Majesty seeing that those of

A

a small

a small size extricated themselves by crawling under the rail into the broad path, while the fat Englishman remained in a disagreeable posture, exclaimed to him, " Ah, monsieur, I told you " how unfortunate it was for a man *to be too great.*"

When the Emperor travelled under the title of Count Falkenstein, to rid himself of the incommodious parade of sovereign etiquette, he made use only of common hired coaches.—Being urged at the court of Anspach to accept of an equipage—" No, no," says he, " one should travel only *to see, and not to be seen.*"

When the Emperor was in France, he was shewn the monument of the great M. Turenne, which is placed among the tombs of the kings at St. Denis. " He is after his death as he was always in his life," said he, " *in his proper place.*"

He expressed his surprize at not finding any epitaph on the monument of M. Turenne; and being told by the Abbé who attended, that they had not been able to get one adequate to his merits,—"*You have now made it,*" replied he.

The unhappy dispute which this country is engaged in with her Colonies, has very naturally been a subject of attention to all Europe, and it is observable that almost to a man they have adopted the cause, in argument, of America. The Emperor, when some person asked which side he favoured, replied very ingenuously, "*I am by trade a Loyalist.*"

When the King of Prussia had a personal meeting some years since with the Emperor, they always dined together, a certain number of their principal officers being with them. One day general Laudohn was going to place himself at the foot of the table, when the King, who was at the

the head, called out to him, "Come, come, monsieur Laudohn, place yourself here—I would much rather have you *by my side*, than *face to face*."

In one of the King of Prussia's hours of relaxation, when he enters into social conversation with his particular friends, he said, in a gay humour, to Bathiani—"When you shall obtain the tiara, which your exemplary piety must one day procure you, how will you receive me when I arrive at Rome to pay my duty to your Holiness?" "I will immediately give orders," replied the Abbé, with great readiness, "to introduce the black eagle,—that he may *cover me with his wings*,—but *spare his beak*."

The prince of Wales and bishop of Osnaburgh being one day at Carlton House, they were shewn a very elegant sett of maps, in which their tutor was instructing them.—Among others the map of America was shewn them.—The prince of Wales put it aside with precipitation, saying, "*I have nothing to do with America*."

Some time ago, when Admiral Digby's fleet returned to Spithead, an old man meeting the young prince William-Henry, begged a shilling, and said he would pray to heaven for him. The prince turned round—"There's a guinea for you," says he, "but keep your prayers to yourself—we sailors never put our money out to account."

Mr. West, the painter, told his Majesty one day, that he had been employed by one of his principal ministers for what is called in the language of the profession, a *head*:—He had waited on him that morning, and had found him so dejected, and with so long a face, on account of some bad news, that he could not begin. "Sir," says his

Majesty, " if that noble lord's *head* cannot keep
 " up his *countenance*, it is time to employ another
 " *hand* than yours to take it off."

James II. when duke of York, was immoderately fond of women, but it was observed that his mistresses were exceedingly ugly. His brother, the reigning king, was wont to say, " That the
 " priests provided him with such, *in order to sub-*
 " *due the lusts of the flesh.*"

James I. first coined his twenty-two shilling-pieces called Jacobuses, on which his head was crowned.—He afterwards coined his twenty-shilling-pieces, where he wore the *laurel* instead of the *crown*.—Ben Jonson observed on this, that poets always came to poverty—" King James no
 " sooner began to wear bays, than he fell two
 " shillings in the pound."

Lewis XII. suffered many hardships, and was forced, through persecution, to quit his country, when he was duke of Orleans, and before he came to the throne. Soon after his coronation, his courtiers told him how he might be revenged on his former enemies. " No," replied the brave prince; " the injuries that were done to the duke
 " of Orleans ought not to be revenged by the
 " king of France."

James II. having appointed a nobleman to be lord treasurer when the exchequer was in a very exhausted state, he complained to the king of the irksomeness of the office, as the treasury was so empty.—" Be of good cheer, my lord," replied his majesty, " for you will now see the
 bottom of your business at once."

PARLIAMENTARY BONS MOTS.

A CELEBRATED orator one day, in the warmth of debate, spoke some words rather disrespectful of the government---Mr. George Onslow called him to order, and said he would not sit silent and hear the sovereign insulted.---The gentleman in explanation said, "That though he respected his Majesty's own person, he saw no reason for respecting *his Majesty's man-servant and his maid-servant, his ox and his ass.*"

When the house of commons came to the resolution that no stranger should be admitted without a member, the celebrated George Boden went down to the house one day, carrying one hand in his breeches---The door-keeper stopping him as he attempted to enter, George dryly told him, "He had a right to be admitted, as he came *with a member in his hand.*"

When one of the ministerial party ordered the gallery to be cleared of all gentlemen, in the course of the session 1778, Governor Johnstone turned out the ladies, among whom were the duchess of D---e, and several other persons of quality: "For, d---n me," says he, "I have no notion of *making fish of one and flesh of another.*"

Some years ago the door-keepers were permitted to take money for admitting strangers to the gallery: one night, on a very important division, when the gallery was to be cleared, a gentleman refused to stir. He swore he had as good a title to remain as nine-tenths, at least, of the members below---*for he had bought his seat.*

At the time when the lower house were in conversation about the propositions which Lord

North intended to lay before them with respect to Ireland, and was calling upon him to give them some hint of what they were; the celebrated Mr. Fox observed, that the house might be assured they would be exactly contrary to his former measures; "for the noble lord was convinced in all cases that the only chance he had of being right, was by acting in opposition to himself."

At the conclusion of the last session, when the agents of administration were promoting subscriptions for the maintenance of government in every corner of the kingdom, it was observed in parliament, that the bench of bishops, though they had been clamorous for war, had not yet given a shilling towards its support. "Oh," says Mr. Wilkes, "they act in charity, as becometh the profession---*they do not let the left hand know what the right hand gives.*"

Mr. serjeant Popham, when speaker of the house of commons, which had sat long and done nothing, coming one day to queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. speaker, what has *passed* in the house?" He answered, "May it please your Majesty, *eleven weeks.*"

At the time when Lord North's ministry by their agents were procuring addresses from the different parts of the kingdom, Sir Thomas Egerton, with others of the government emissaries, applied to a Mr. Hague, an old gentleman as remarkable for the fulness of his purse as for the dryness of his manner. Mr. Hague, after perusing the address with all the scrupulous and wary caution of a tradesman, very demurely pulled off his spectacles, folded up the bundle of loyalty, and returned it to the Knight with this singular and sage reply, "*I believe, young man, that you want a place.*"

Mr. Burke, in the course of debate, one day, was pointedly severe on the hirelings of Ministry. ---He said they saw the minister like the Grecian matron undoing to-day what had been the favourite work of yesterday, and they were equally anxious to support him in every measure. ---His very contradictions furnished matter for panegyric, and they seemed to explain, in the words of holy writ---“The minister giveth, and the minister taketh away---blessed be the name of the minister.”

VOLTAIREANA.

ONE evening at Ferney, the discourse happening to turn on the genius of Shakespeare, Voltaire expatiated on the impropriety and absurdity of introducing low characters and vulgar dialogue into tragedy; and gave many instances of the English bard's having offended in that particular, even in his most pathetic plays. A gentleman of the company, who was a great admirer of Shakespeare, observed, by way of palliation, that though those characters were low, yet they were *natural* (*dans la nature* was his expression). “With permission, Sir,” replied Voltaire, “my a—— is very natural, and yet I wear breeches.”

A person who stammered very much found means to get himself introduced at Ferney. He had no other recommendation than the praises he very liberally bestowed upon himself. When he left the room, Voltaire said he believed him to be an adventurer, an impostor---Madame Denis said, Impostors never stammer. “What!” replies Voltaire, “Did not Moses stammer?”

Voltaire

Voltaire compared the British nation to a hog-head of their own strong beer; the top of which is *froth*, the bottom *dregs*, the middle *excellent*.

Freron the journalist, the parson B—— of Paris, had long poured on Voltaire all the torrent of his malignity.---The poet was walking one day in his garden with a gentleman from Geneva. A toad crawled across the road before them; the gentleman said, "There's a Freron." "What can that poor animal have done to you," replied the wit, "to deserve such a name?"

Voltaire approved much more of Marmontel's Art of Poetry, than of any poems of that author's composition. Speaking of these he said, "That Marmontel, like Moses, could guide others to the Holy Land, though he was not allowed to enter it himself." The same allusion, by the bye, though perhaps Voltaire did not know it, was made by Cowley.

"Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
 "The barren wilderness he past;
 "Did on the very border stand
 "Of the blest promis'd land,
 "And from the mountain top of his exalted
 "wit
 "Saw it himself, and shewed us it."

Voltaire's dislike to the clergy is well known. The conversation happening one day to turn into a topic of abuse on them; one person said, if you substract pride from priests, nothing will remain. "You reckon their gormandizing then as nothing?" said Voltaire.

Metaphysical writers, he observed, are like minuet-dancers; who being dressed to the greatest advantage, make a couple of bows, move through the room in the finest attitudes, display all their

graces, are in continual motion without advancing a step, and finish at the identical point from which they set out.

While in England, his severe observations on the allegory of Sin and Death provoked this epigram from Dr. Young :

“ Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
“ Thou’rt Milton’s Devil, with his Death, and
Sin.

Rousseau and Voltaire lived for a time in friendship ; but the strange absurdity of the former soon put an end to it, as he very ridiculously charged Voltaire with being the author of all his persecutions in Geneva, &c. Rousseau shewed the other, in the beginning of their acquaintance, a lyric epistle addressed to Posterity. “ My friend,” said Voltaire, “ *this letter will never be delivered according to its direction.*”

While Voltaire was in England some years ago, Lord Chesterfield, who was exceedingly fond of his company, and who corresponded with the bard till his death, invited him to dinner, which invitation he accepted ; but finding the vails he was obliged to give the servants much more than would have paid for a dinner at a tavern, he declined a second, and even the third invitation. Lord Chesterfield, meeting Voltaire one day in the Park, pressed him strongly to come and eat soup with him. “ Upon my word, my lord,” says Voltaire, “ I cannot afford it.” His lordship was astonished at first ; but an explanation taking place, he ordered his servants, on pain of losing their places, to refuse taking vails. This was the first example of reforming this evil, which afterwards became general.

When

When Voltaire was on his death-bed, he was visited by M. Bonnet, curate of St. Sulpice, who began with putting his hand on the dying man's head, as he lay in bed ; upon which Voltaire raised his own hand to the curate's head, and pushed him away, saying, " I came into the world without a *bonnet*, and will go out without one."

The late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of the ladies ; Voltaire accosted him, " My lord, I know you are a judge---which are " more beautiful---the English or French ladies ?" Upon my word, replied his lordship with his usual presence of mind, *I am no connoisseur in painting !* Some time after this Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with lord Chesterfield ; a lady in company prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engaged his conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, and whispered, " Take care you are not captivated." " My lord," replied the wit, " I seem to " be taken by an English bottom under French " colours."

BONS MOTS of the late Mr. FOOTE.

WHEN Foote was at a country election, he interested himself in favour of a candidate in opposition to Sir Watkin Williams W---, who was espoused by a lady of considerable rank. Foote being rebuked by her ladyship, and seeming to be affected with contrition, said, " I beg your " ladyship's pardon, and am convinced of my error,

“ror, for Sir Watkin is the best qualified of any
 “man I know for representing a county in Wales,
 “as he is very *mountainous*, and extremely bar-
 “ren.”

When G----k was at Brighthelmstone, he sent Sir John M-lls to get him a lodging. Foote meeting him, and being informed of his errand, told him he might get David a lodging, but as to a kitchen, that would be quite superfluous, as he never dressed any victuals at home.

When Foote was in very distressed circumstances, he was applied to by a bookseller to write “A System of Cookery.” Egad,” said Sam, “you are mistaken, I know nothing about eating in theory; but as to practice, I think I “could back myself even against Handel.”

About this time Foote was one night at the Bedford coffee-house, when Frank Delaval joked him about wearing boots. “Egad,” said Foote, “I “would convince you any where else, that they “are very far from being superfluous.”

Foote having lost a considerable sum at Tom’s coffee-house, was reprehended by his particular friend, Mr. G--h--n, for his indiscretion, insinuating that he had not lost his money fairly. A few nights after, Mr. G--h--n lost a much larger sum to the same set. It was Sam’s turn now to triumph. “I presume, Mr. G--h--n, you lost “your money very fairly, though you cut in “with some of the most notorious sharpers about “town---but there is nothing like being in the “secret.”

Sir Richard Atkins (who was by Foote called the Waggoner’s Whip, on account of his being very tall, very thin, and stooping very much) when he kept Fanny M——y, was publicly known to be a very great dupe to her. Frank Delaval
 and

and Foote being over a bottle, the subject turned upon Sir Richard's weakness in being such a dupe to a woman.---"Oh," said Foote, "there is nothing surprizing in it; he is not indeed a supple-jack, but you know he is a very *supple Dick*."

When Nancy Parsons quitted the duke of G----, deserted P-nt-n, and went abroad with Lord M-----, a gentleman at the St. James's coffee-house could not help observing what an abandoned devil she must be. "Oh," said Foote, "there is nothing in it, you know she has the benefit of the clergy on her side."

When Miss Chudleigh appeared at the masquerade at Ranelagh in the character of Iphigenia, almost in a complete state of *nudity*, Foote complimented her upon being the most perfect living *Venus de Medicis* he had ever seen in public; upon which she turned upon her heel, and said he was the most impudent wretch upon earth. "Had I," he replied, "appeared here quite naked, considering the difference of our sexes, we should scarce be upon a par in point of impudence."

When Foote heard that K----y had in a pet destroyed all his music, and declared he would never write or play a note again as long as he lived, Foote said, "His lordship is quite right, there is more harmony in the box and dice than in all the cantatas and overtures in the universe."

Upon Sam's hearing that Mr. W-de, the master of the ceremonies, had abdicated his throne, on being detected in an intrigue, he laughed heartily, saying, "He is unfit for that office, since he is so bashful as to be ashamed of an amour, which is looked upon by all men of the *ton* as securing a reputation for fine fellows, and the strongest recommendation to the ladies."

A cer-

A certain Black-legs, famous for cogging a die, being just returned from Newmarket, said there had been great sport. "What then," said Foote, "I suppose you were detected, and kicked out of the hazard-room?"

Foote's most predominant passion was the purchasing of nick-nacks. He generally went once a week to Deard's to recruit his cabinet. Lord T-----d coming in one day whilst he and Mrs. Jewell were there, his lordship said, "'Faith, Foote, you must have the greatest collection of trinkets of any man in Europe; I never come this way but I see your carriage at the door." ---"Yes, my lord, (pointing to the lady) you see I am quite in the jewel way."

Mr. C—lm—n having some disputes with Mr. Yates in Foote's presence, the latter said to the former, "You insignificant being, for three farthings I would put you in my pocket." "Would you?" cried Foote: Then you would have more wit in your *pocket* than ever you had in your head."

Doctor L-f-n being one night, after he had been at Foote's theatre, at the Bedford coffee-house, was so ignorant of his own portrait, that he seriously asked Foote who was the doctor he had handled so severely. "Don't you know?" replied Foote: "he comes here very often, much resembles you, and always has his stockings about his heels."

The late Mr. Ap---ce, who was a very singular man, told Foote one day at dinner, that the ministry had quite overlooked him, and that he thought if Foote would bring him upon the stage, he was sure Government would certainly take notice of him. Upon this hint Foote wrote the Author, and Ap---ce was so much resolved that his own character should be known in that of Cad-

*C

wallader,

wallader, that he lent the mimic a suit of cloaths he had been very conspicuous in at court. Somebody hinted that Foote did not use his friend well, thus to expose him. " You are quite mistaken," replied the wit ; i do it at his own request, in " order to make his fortune."

When Lovejoy broke out, soon after the conflagration at Bradley's, Foote was asked what he thought of this trafficker in blifs? Foote replied, " he imagined that Lovejoy would soon be burnt out, though in a different way." " How so?" said captain D-----. " Why, with burnt Cham-paign and brimstone."

No man was more afraid of Foote than Jack Harris, that well-known pimp under the Rose. He applied to Sam, and intreated him for God's sake, not to bring him on the stage, and reminded the wit of his past services. " That you are an excellent " pandar in a certain line, I allow ; but you may " make yourself easy ; I have higher game in " view—pimps, parasites, and pandars in the most " elevated ranks ; from the bench of b-----s " down to the t-----y bench."

When Foote heard of Tenducci's marriage, he said his wife must be very fond of a man, when she would marry the representative only of one. And when it was reported that she was pregnant--- " Well," said Sam, " that fellow is in great luck " to get journeymen so easily, when even the " tailors, who are but the ninth parts of men, " will not work for legal wages."

Being asked his opinion of lord Chesterfield's Letters, Foote replied, " They comprized a fine-
" drawn system of duplicity, deception, and adultery :
" That tho' his lordship seems to have studied the
" Graces with great attention, yet he had entire-
" ly forgot that they never appear so beautiful as
" when

“ when accompanied by Virtue ; that if the Graces
 “ should be found in a brothel, they would lose
 “ all their attractions ; and that in the hot-bed of
 “ adultery they would be scorched to deformity.”

When Foote read David Hume’s pamphlet concerning Rousseau, and came to the tender scene where they cry and sob in one another’s lap, he exclaimed, “ Here is a new sect established of the
 “ crying philosophers ! It will be in its greatest
 “ perfection in infancy, and in dotage it may sit
 “ pretty easily ; but in perfect manhood, in the
 “ vigour of life, it is a system that never will be
 “ adopted but by Fribbles and Macaronies.”

Upon seeing Nan C. tl-y in *Comus*, he said,
 “ She was finely bronzed for the character, but
 “ it was a pity the managers had not put her in
 “ a part which by nature she was cut out for—
 “ Moll Brazen in the *Beggar’s Opera*.”

Mr. D——k of famous memory, being once at a coffee-house with Dr. Smollet our humourist, and Sir John Fielding, was observed to go frequently to the necessary, which in fact was only to get an opportunity (in the university phrase) of coaxing his stockings. The Dr. observing, that he seemed to have a purging on him—“ No, faith, Sir, says Derrick, the *looseness* is only about my heels.” “ I thought so (replied Foote), for indeed your feet smell confoundedly.” To make amends for this joke, however, the doctor and Foote presented him with two pieces to get his wardrobe into better order.

Foote meeting with an old acquaintance who had long been a limb of the law, and who had often through the crevices of his cloaths shewn his nakedness, in a decent suit of mourning in the month of November, asked Latitat if he could congratulate him upon any lucky

windfall, pointing to his fables,--- "No," replied Latitat, "you know it is Term-time." "Faith, that is true, said Foote: it has been a long vacation for your taylor."

The late k--- one afternoon at his coffee, asked the countess of Y-----th, "What be dat " Footee, dat makes so much noise in de Hay-market?" "Oh, Sir," replied the lady, "he is a mimic." "A minique! we have no minique in Germany; we have, indeed, des buffons. Just as the conversation had gone so far upon the subject, the clock struck five, when, as usual, they retired to take an afternoon's nap. This being told circumstantially to Foote by the page in waiting, he instantly said, "The countess is undoubtedly the greatest mimic in Europe, for she can take the k--- off whenever she pleases."

When Foote heard that F---d, the clerk of the Arraigns, had brought off Lookup, who was indicted for perjury, by a flaw in the indictment, Sam said to him, whilst playing a game at whist, "By G-d, F-rd, you can do any thing, after bringing off Lookup! I do not wonder you hold thirteen trumps in your own hand; the least he could do was to teach you the *long shuffle*, for your trouble and services.

Foote never could lose an opportunity of being smart, let it be at whose expence it might, or upon ever so melancholy an occasion. The late unfortunate Dr. D. belonging to a whist club of which Foote was member, the Doctor had had a great run of ill luck, and was, in the gamester's phraseology, *tied-up*; that is, he received a guinea to pay twenty, if ever he played again for above a guinea. On the day of the Doctor's execution, a gentleman called upon Foote, who had been to see
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the Doctor go to the fatal tripod. "I have been," said the gentleman, "to see the unfortunate Doctor meet his doom; I suppose he is launched into eternity by this time." "How so! says Foote, "you know he was *tied-up* long ago."

Foote being at a private concert, where lord Sandwich played the kettie-drums, he was asked by one of the connoisseurs what he thought of his lordship's performance? "Why, said the wag, I think he would do finely to beat up for recruits for the marine service; and this would be a greater proof than he ever gave before of his skill in nautical affairs."

No people on the face of the earth are more partial to their own country than the Scotch; on which account Mr. Foote never failed to chastise every Scotchman, who at any time in his company chose to ride his national hobby-horse. On one of these occasions, a Scotchman having been figuring away concerning the great sagacity and ingenuity of his countrymen, Mr. Foote determined to punish him by relating the following story. "A ship being in distress at sea (said the wit), the compass was by some accident thrown down, and dashed to pieces. This threw the captain into a terrible dilemma; he knew not how to steer without it, nor did he understand how to make one. A Scotch sailor, taking notice of his anxiety, said, "Sir, donna ye know how to make a compass?" "No (replied the captain) I wish I did." "Out, out, mon (returned the Scotchman) the muckle de'el gar me, but I'll shew ye how to make one, if you'll gi' me a sheet of writing-paper." A sheet of writing-paper being produced, the Scotchman very deliberately put his thumb and finger into the collar of his shirt, drew forth a louse, and placed it gently on the paper. "Now
ken

ken ye well, captain, (said he) and observe ye, that a Scotch louse always travels southward; so that if ye mind the courie of this louse upon the paper, ye may easily find whereabout the north is, and make your compass accordingly."

Another story our English Aristophanes used to be fond of relating, was concerning a gentleman, named Brown, who had a large estate, and kept a great number of negroes in the island of Barbadoes. Mr. Brown having missed a considerable sum of money, had great reason to think that some of his negro slaves had stolen it, and in order to detect the thief, tried the following experiment. Having summoned all the negro slaves to attend him in a large hall, he thus harangued them: "I have been informed in a vision by the great serpent, whom you adore, that the thief who stole my money is one of you; and he moreover told me, that the very man should at this present moment have a large feather out of a parrot's tail hanging at the tip of his nose." Mr. Brown had no sooner uttered these words, than the real thief betrayed his guilt by suddenly clapping his hand up to his nose, to feel for the feather, and exhibiting the utmost symptoms of fear. On seeing this, Mr. Brown suddenly seized hold of the fellow, and charged him home with the theft: the poor fellow being greatly terrified, and thinking that his deity, the great serpent, had betrayed him to his master, very readily confessed the fact, and restored the money. Mr. Brown, however, acted with more lenity on this occasion than is usual, when offences of such a kind have been committed by negro slaves; for after the restoration of the money, he freely forgave him, thinking the fright he had put him into a sufficient punishment for his perfidy.

Some ,

Some years ago Mr. Foote dined at the Castle at Salt-Hill. When Partridge produced the bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked him his name—"Partridge, an' please you," replied the host—"Partridge!" resumed Foote, "it should be *Woodcock*, by the length of your bill."

Foote being asked, what he thought of Sir B. Keith's appointment to the government of Jamaica? replied, "What do I think?—I think that the Irish *take us all in*, and the Scots *turn us all out*."

A Gentleman asking Foote, soon after the affair of crim. con. between the D—ke of C——d and lady G——v——r, what he thought of the verdict? "Why," says the wit, "I think his r——l h——s rather wrong in the amour; but, d—n me, I think these *twelve appraisers have considerably overvalued his passion*."

When Mr. Foote was told of the Duke of Cumberland's marriage, he said, "I am glad to hear of it, and hope it will be the last foolish thing he will do."

Foote rattling away one evening in his green-room with great wit and brilliancy, as he usually did; the duke of C——d, who was present, and seemed highly entertained, cried out, "Well, Foote, you see I swallow all your good things." "Do you, my Lord Duke?" says the other; "why then I congratulate you on your digestion, for, by G—d, I believe you never *threw up* one of them in your life."

Mr. Foote lying in bed late in consequence of his sitting up to late hours, a friend once observed to him, that such a conduct would shorten his days. "Very true (said Foote), but as it lengthens my nights, that will be much the same thing in the end."

Foote meeting his old acquaintance Major B——, at Bath, one season, (a character well known

in the annals of gaming) came up to him, and asked him with great cordiality, how he did ? " Ah ! Foote," says the other, " I have had a terrible accident since I saw you last ; no less than the *loss* of an eye. " My dear fellow," says the wit, " I am heartily sorry for it : pray at *what game* ?"

Baron B——, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed* Baron, being detected some years ago at Bath secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a *one-pair-of-stairs room*, where they had been playing. The baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asking what he should do. " Do," says the wit, " why it is a plain case ; never play so *high* again so long as you live."

Foote being engaged to a rout of Lady Harrington's, found the Ladies all so thickly seated, that on his entering the drawing-room he could not get a place to sit down in. " Come, Foote," says her Ladyship, " you must not be kept standing, take a chair. " You are very obliging, my Lady," says the wit ; " but there appears to me to be more *bottoms* than *chairs* at present about the room."

The same humorous wit sitting at table next to a Gentleman who had help'd himself to a very large piece of bread, after he had eaten two or three mouthfuls, takes up his piece of bread, with an intent to cut a slice off it. " Sir," said the Gentleman, " that is my bread." " I beg a thousand pardons, Sir," replied Foote, " *I protest I took it for the loaf.*"

Foote happening to spend the evening with two dignitaries of the Church, the conversation insensibly

bly happened to settle on some part of polemical divinity, which the two churchmen took up on different grounds, with great force of argument and observation. Foote during this while took no other share in the debate than in recruiting their spirits by constantly keeping their glasses filled: at last, one of them turned about, and begged that as he could be at times as argumentative as witty, he would step in as an arbitrator of their differences. "I thank you kindly, gentlemen," says Foote, very gravely; "but I have always made it a rule never to trouble my head about *family affairs*."

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together, at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay his reckoning, asked the latter, "What he should do with a light guinea he had?" "'Pshaw, it's worth nothing," says Garrick, "*fling it to the devil*." "Well David," says the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to *make a guinea go further than any other man*."

At the time of the Jubilee in honour of Shakespeare, planned and conducted by Mr. Garrick, the weather in general (though early in September) turned out very bad; particularly the day appointed for the public procession, which obliged that part of the ceremony to be dispensed with. Garrick meeting Foote on the morning of this day in the public breakfasting-room, just in the moment of a very heavy shower of rain, "Well, Sam," says he, rather disappointedly, "What do you think of this?" "Think of it," says Foote: "Why, I think, it is *God's revenge against Vanity*."

The same wit being asked his opinion of the Stratford Jubilee, replied, "A jubilee is a public

lic invitation, urged by puffing, to go post without horses to an obscure borough without representatives, governed by a mayor and aldermen who are no magistrates, to celebrate a great poet, whose own works have made him immortal, by an ode without poetry; music without melody; a dinner without victuals; lodgings without beds; a croud without company; a masquerade where half the people appeared barefaced; a horse-race up to the knees in water; fireworks extinguished as soon as they were lighted; and a boarded booth, by way of amphitheatre, which was to be taken down in three days, and sold by public auction."

When Foote first heard of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval's death, the shock of losing so intimate a friend had such an effect on his spirits, that he burst into tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for two days: the third day J. well, his treasurer, calling on him, he asked him with swollen eyes, what time would the burial be? "Not till next week, Sir," replied the other, "as I hear the surgeons are first to dissect his *head*." This last word recovered the wit's fancy, who repeating it with some surprize, asked, "And what the devil will they get there? I am sure," says he, "I have known poor Frank these five and twenty years, and I never could find *any thing* in it."

The late comedian Mr. Holland (whose father was a baker) at his death appointed Mr. Foote one of his pall-bearers, being also his executor. The burying-place of the family was Battersea; where Mr. Foote having attended, to discharge the last duty to his friend, return'd to town, and willing to get rid of his grief (for he had a real affection for Holland) went to the Bedford coffee-house in quest of some friends. The business he
had

had been upon being well known, one of the company addressed him with, " Well, Sir, you have just been paying the last kind office to your friend ?" To which Foote replied (tho' his uneasiness was very visible) *Yes, poor boy, I have just been lending a hand to shove him into the family-oven.*

When Mr. Foote was last at Paris, in the course of an evening's conversation with some English gentlemen, the subject turn'd on Mr. Garrick's acting; when some of the company expressed their fears of that great performer's relinquishing the stage. *Make yourselves easy on that head,* replied the wit, *for he'd play Richard before a kitchen-fire in the Dog-days, provided he was sure of getting a sop in the pan.*

Mr. Foote first introduced Mr. B—dd—y, who was originally bred a cook, upon the stage; and engaged him to perform at the Hay-market during one of his seasons, at a certain stipulated salary. Mr. B—dd—y, however, not liking the parts assigned him by his manager, refused to play, and yet at the end of the season asked for his salary; which Mr. Foote refused to pay, as the terms of their engagement had not been performed. Mr. B— in consequence procured a writ to be served on Mr. Foote, who, when it was presented to him, exclaimed, " An ungrateful fellow !"—" Ungrateful," returns the bailiff, " how !"—" Why," returned the manager, " is not he ungrateful in thus rewarding me for taking the spit out of his hand, and putting it by his side ?"

The Mrs. *Reddish* that was *Miss Hort*, (for the gentleman from whom she takes her name, has had so many *female connexions*, it is impossible to distinguish them but by their original names) playing the Queen in *Richard*, one night, at Drury-

Lane theatre, and being rather of a coarse, masculine make, a gentleman asked Foote, who sat next him, who she was? Being told her name was Reddish. "Reddish! Reddish!" says the gentleman, endeavouring to recollect her. "Aye, Sir," says the wit, "*Horse Reddish.*"

When Foote heard that Powell the actor had set up his chariot, he said he was a very unnatural son, or he would certainly have hired his father for a coachman*.

When Foote heard that doctor Kenrick was going to give a public criticism on his comedy of *The Cozeners*, at Marybone, "Well," says he, "let the doctor take care of the fate of our first parents; *a fall in the Garden.*"

When the celebrated doctor Taylor first set up his coach, he consulted with Foote about the choice of a motto. "What are your arms?" says the wit. "Three mallards," cried the doctor. "Very good," says Foote, "why then the motto I would recommend to you is, *Quack—Quack—Quack.*"

About three years ago, Foote went to spend his Christmas with the late C—— B——n, Esq. when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by the scarcity of wood in the house, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town. Mr. B——n seeing him with his boots on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in, and pressed him to stay. "No, no," says Foote, "was I to stay any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to stand on.*"

* It seems Mr. Powell's father was originally of this profession.

"Why,

“ Why sure,” says Mr. B——n, “ we do not drink so *much*.” “ No,” says the wit, “ but there is so *little* wood in your house, that, by God, I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with *my right leg*.”

CHESTERFIELDANA.

SOON after the late lord Chesterfield was made a privy-counsellor, a place of great trust became vacant, to which his late majesty and the duke of Dorset recommended two very different persons. His m——y espoused the interest of his friend with some heat, and upon leaving the council-chamber told them, “ he expected to be obeyed.” However, the place being an object of consequence, on a debate it was carried against the k—g. It fell to lord Chesterfield’s lot to carry the instrument to be signed, who knowing the passionate disposition of his m——y, prudently forbore asking him to sign the instrument; but very submissively demanded whose name he would be pleased to have inserted in the blanks. The king, being privately acquainted with their deliberations, passionately replied, “ The devil, Sir, if you will.” “ Very well,” replied his lordship; “ but would your m——y have the instrument run in the usual stile, *To our trusty well-beloved friend and counsellor the devil?*”

The late queen having some distant notion of enclosing St. James’s-Park *entirely for the use of the royal family*, consulted lord Chesterfield about the expences: his lordship, startled at the proposal at first, waved his opinion; but at length
being

being pressed to it, he replied, " Why, then, madam, I think it may come to about *three crowns*."

It was wittily remarked by lord Chesterfield, that whenever our Court demanded from that of France a *categorical*, they generally received an *allegorical*, answer.

It being ask'd, in company with lord Chesterfield, whether the piers of Westminster-bridge would be of stone or wood: *Oh!* said my lord, *of stone, to be sure—for we have too many wooden piers (peers) already at Westminster.*

Lord Chesterfield chanc'd one day to be at the d— of N—le's levee, when *Garnet upon Job*, a book dedicated to that Nobleman, happen'd to lie in the window. Before his Grace made his appearance, his lordship had time enough to amuse himself with the book; and when the duke enter'd, he found him reading in it. *Well, my Lord,* said his grace, *what is your opinion of that book? In any other place, I should not think much of it,* reply'd his lordship; *but being in your grace's levee, I think it one of the best books in the world.*

Lord Chesterfield and another gentleman paying a morning visit together, just as the latter had stepped out of the carriage, a great lamp which hung in the center of an iron arch before the door, fell, and missed the gentleman only by about half an inch. " Good G—d, my lord," says he, much surprized, " I was near being gone." " Why, yes," says my lord, very coolly, " but there would have been one comfort attending such an accident, that you would have had *extreme unction* before you went."

The corporation of Bath, in honour to Mr. Nash, placed a full-length statue of him in the pump-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope;

Pope; upon which occasion the earl of Chesterfield wrote the following severe and witty epigram:

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
Severer on mankind.

The picture plac'd the busts between,
Adds to the Satire strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length.

His Lordship had a most unconquerable passion for gaming; yet always chose rather to play with gamblers than with gentlemen. Being asked his reason for this singular taste, he replied, "When I play with sharpers, and am successful, I am sure of being paid—but if I play with gentlemen, they generally acknowledge the debt, but seldom discharge it."

An anecdote is related of him, when once at Bath, which proves he was conscious of his own weakness in this respect. The famous or infamous Charles Jones (who was afterwards master of the ceremonies at Tunbridge, and who is said to have borrowed ten thousand pounds in half-crowns) meeting his lordship in the walks, addressed him in his usual stile for the loan of a guinea. His lordship had too much generosity to refuse any one he had ever spoke to such a trifle. In a few minutes his lordship went into the billiard-room, and here he found Charles. Being desirous of playing a game, he asked the marker to give him a lesson, when Charles modestly offered to amuse his patron. "You know, Charles, I do not like playing for nothing, if I play with a gentleman."

"man." By this time some of the group of adventurers had assembled, when Charles pulling out the guinea he had just borrowed, and throwing it into one of the nets, said, "Well my lord, I'll play with you for a guinea." His lordship did not choose to expose him, and answered the bett. Charles was a superior player, and won several games. The black-legs seeing so good a thing going on, were desirous of sharing the spoils, and offered several betts, some of which his lordship took. Charles (who possessed a negative kind of gratitude, or rather being influenced by self-interest, and desirous of winning all that could be got) now threw down his stick, saying, that he would not let his lordship lose his money in that manner, as he had the best of the match. Upon which his lordship very coolly replied, "These gentlemen do me the honour to accompany me wherever I go, and the least I can do is to support my attendants."

His lordship had for a considerable time a standing piquet match at the rooms with baron Nieuman, who at that period dressed very pompously; when a nobleman of his lordship's acquaintance hinted, that the baron had, in many respects, the advantage. "Let him have his pulls," said his lordship. "I have my pulls too: pull baker, pull devil; the baron's always good for fifty, he will at any time burn for that!"

His lordship, when he heard lord G——r had recovered ten thousand pounds damages, said, *Fœxum habet in cornu*; from which hint we may stile the cuckold's horn a *Cornu-copia* for the future.

The celebrated Miss C——h, complaining of the ill-nature of the Town, said to lord C——d, that occasion had been taken, from a late

late illness of her's, to spread a report that she had been brought to bed of *two* children. His lordship advised her to be easy under such circumstances; adding, *that, for his part, he had long made it a rule, not to believe more than half what the Town said.*

A little after the death of Sir William Stanhope, brother to the late earl of Chesterfield, his lady (whom Fame had taken some liberties with before) married captain C——, of a marching regiment, who had little besides his commission for his support. When lord Chesterfield was first told of this circumstance, two or three of the family present were arraigning the very great *imprudence* of the match. "Not at all," says his lordship; "as for my part, I think nothing could be more equal; she married for a *cloak*, and he for a *coat*."

A nobleman meeting the late lord Chesterfield at a levée one morning, was asking him when lady Coventry was at court? "How could you ask such a question, my lord," says Chesterfield, "when no one has seen *her face* here these ten years?"

A certain lady of quality, who is more remarkable for being raised from an obscure rank by a noble marriage, than by any personal accomplishments, which sometimes produce such good fortune, happened to be at court when the Spanish ambassador made his appearance with very great splendor. Among other things which drew the attention, the richness of the laces were particularly noticed. On the return of this new-made lady of quality to her lord's house, she met with the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, to whom she related the splendor of the foreign minister, and dwelt particularly on the richness of the laces. "Pray, my lady,"

lady," said his lordship, "what kind of lace was it?" "Really, my lord, I forget the name, but I should know it if you mentioned it." "Was it then *point d'Espagne*?"—"No, it was not that." "Was it *point de Brusselles*?" "No, no; not that." "Oh," said the witty Earl, "I know now what it was, it was *point de tout*." "You are very right," replied the lady, "that was the name of the lace."

His lordship's surgeons imagining, in his last illness, that his lordship had a *stone* in his bladder, probed him several times without any effect. "Ah!" says, my lord, who was always of a contrary opinion to the Faculty, "I judged it would, at last, turn out the *philosopher's-stone*."

When he was given to understand that he would die by inches, he replied with a smile, "If that is the case, *I am happy that I am not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson.*"

A few days before his lordship's death, as he was taking an airing in Hyde-park, in an old coach and six black horses, a nobleman went to the side of his carriage, and enquired his health.—I am but very indifferent (cried he), and as I shall live but a few days longer—*I am now rehearsing my own funeral.*

A few hours before his lordship died, they repeated to him a quarrel which had been between Miss Pelham and Mrs. Fitzroy, in regard to the reputation of Mr. Frere, late master of the Thatched-house in St. James's-street; and words arising very high, Mrs. Fitzroy gave Miss Pelham a slap upon the cheek. "Ay," says his lordship, "I am not surprized at that;—*I always thought Mrs. Fitzroy was a striking beauty.*"

A lady of fashion, very young, very giddy, and just married, walking with Lord Chesterfield, asked his lordship, if she did not look very young? "Indeed, my lady," says he, "you look as if you were just come from boarding-school, and fit to return again."

As Lord L—— was one day lamenting to his lordship the misconduct of his son, the latter advised a place at Court as one method which, perhaps, might cause an amendment. The father replied, he was not steady enough. "Yes, yes (said his lordship)—he is steady enough to be *Master of the Revels*."

JOHNSONIANA.

UPON the publication of lord Bolingbroke's Philosophical Works by David Mallet, Dr. Johnson was asked his opinion of the author and publisher. "Why, Sir," says Johnson, "I look upon them both to be a couple of atheistical highwaymen: my lord for loading the piece up to the muzzle against the peace and happiness of society; and Mallet for drawing the trigger."

Some years ago the doctor being in company with Foote, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the subject of conversation; Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the present reign; the doctor the contrary: this dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, "You are certainly wrong, Sam; but I see how you are deceived; you cannot distinguish them

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now as formerly; for the fellows all come *breeched* to the capital of late years."

The above wits at another time having a conversation about national learning, Foote observed, however deficient the Scotch were in genius and humour, he believed them to be one of the most learned nations in Europe. "Oh! Sir," says Johnson, "you are very much mistaken upon that point: I grant you, they have all a *mouthful* of learning, but not one of them a *bellyful*."

When the doctor was first patronized by lord Chesterfield, (which was at his lordship's particular request) the doctor called on him one morning; and being shewn into an anti-chamber, either from the mistake of the footman, or his lordship's paying a preference to other company, the doctor was left waiting there for two hours without his lordship's appearance. Johnson growing piqued at this neglect, abruptly left the house, and from that hour resolved to break off all acquaintance with him. Some time after this, a noble lord met the doctor in Dodsley's shop; who beginning the conversation, asked him how he could desert a man who had been so *serviceable* to him, in the public encouragement he gave his Dictionary, as lord Chesterfield was. "Serviceable to me, my lord!" says Johnson; "in no respect whatsoever: I had been for years sailing round the world of literature—and just as I was getting into the chops of the Channel, his lordship sends out two *little cock-boats*, more to partake of my triumphs, than to pilot me into the harbour. No, no, my lord Chesterfield may be a *wit amongst lords*, but I fancy he is no more than a *lord amongst wits* *."

* This retort his lordship could never forgive, and in all probability occasioned the caricature he afterwards gave doctor Johnson in one of his letters to his son.

When Mr. Macpherson's Homer came out, (a book universally decried for a bombastical, affected style) a lady remarked one evening in a large company to doctor Johnson, that she had been endeavouring to read it, but the style appeared so *old*, she could not go through it with any satisfaction. "You are perfectly right, madam," says Johnson; "it is as *old* as the *building of Babel*."

When doctor Johnson was last in Scotland, amongst other curiosities shewn him, he was taken to a very antient and high castle, which was reckoned to command the most extensive view of any in the country. "Well, Sir," says his guide, "what do you think of this prospect?" "It is the finest in all Scotland," says the doctor, "for I can here see *the road to England*."

When the doctor was in Scotland, he was waited upon at Edinburgh by the celebrated doctor Robertson, author of the History of Scotland, Charles the Vth, &c. In the course of his enquiries of Johnson, what he had seen in the town, the doctor asked him, whether he had been at the *kirk*; and if not, that he would accompany him there the next day. "With all my heart, doctor," says Johnson, "I should like to see the *kirk*, because it *was once a church*."

A gentleman once asked doctor Johnson, "What was his real opinion of Macklin, for I hear," says he, "he is very clever." "What, Macklin clever!" says the doctor. "No, no, Sir; the fellow is a *constant renovation of hope*, with an *eternal disappointment*."

When lord Chesterfield's letters to his son first came out, a gentleman was asking doctor Johnson, whether they did not contain great knowledge of the world! "O, yes, Sir," says Johnson, "very
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much so; they inculcate the *morals* of a *wh—re*, and the *manners* of a *dancing-master*."

Some time after the publication of *Offian*, doctor Blair, who wrote notes on that celebrated *equivocal* performance, after highly applauding it before doctor Johnson, asked him, whether he thought there was any man living could write such another Epic poem? "O yes, Sir," says Johnson; *many men, many women, and many children*."

Being asked his real opinion of the writings of Mr. Hoole, (author of *Cyrus*, *Cleonice*, &c.) he replied, "They were such as a wise man should be ashamed to remember."

A well-known literary character being introduced to him, the doctor was some time after asked by a mutual friend how he liked him: "I protest, Sir," says Johnson, "the man seems to be a mighty good sort of man; but as to his being a man of letters, I believe he has *written* more than he has *read*, and understands less than *either*."

A great personage meeting doctor Johnson in the Queen's-Library, and being informed who he was, very condescendingly went up to him, and enquired after his health. In the course of some conversation his m——y asked, "Why he had not written more?" "Why, Sire," says Johnson, "I do not know; I think I have written enough." "Why, so should I too, doctor," replied his m——y, "if you had *not written so well*."

B O N S M O T S

By Mr. Q U I N.

Q Uin dined in the country with a certain great d—ke, who made an apology for treating his guests only with port wine, because his butler had

lost the key of his claret cellar. After dinner, he took them into the garden to shew them an Ostrich; and, among other strange qualities which appertained to that creature, told them it could digest iron. "Then, my lord, says Quin, I suppose it was he that *swallowed the key of your grace's cellar.*"

Quin having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him, and having no manner of aversion to a good repast, he accordingly waited upon his Lordship: but found the regale far from answering his expectation. Upon his taking leave, the servants, who were very numerous, had ranged themselves in the hall: Quin, finding that if he gave to each of them it would amount to a pretty large sum, asked, "Which was the cook;" who readily answered, "Me, sir." He then enquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other; when he said to the first, *Here's half a crown for my eating;* and to the other, *Here's five shillings for my wine;* but, by G—d, gentlemen, *I never made so bad a dinner for the money in my life.*

Quin was, some time after, met by the same nobleman behind the scenes, who asked him, "Why he did not come and eat soup with him?"—"By G—d, my Lord, said Quin, I am ashamed to come, since I find your Lordship keeps a *cook's-shop.*" His lordship asked an explanation; when he told the nobleman, "His was the dearest and worst *ordinary* in London; for a man paid for his dinner *literally*, and very exorbitantly, at his Lordship's house." Quin was told by his Lordship, that this should be rectified for the future, and that he should lay severe injunctions upon his servants to take no vails. Upon this promise Quin was prevailed upon to return; but having failed to pay for his dinner, as usual, the next time he came he

had a dirty plate given him for a clean one, bread for beer, and frequently neither one nor t'other, after repeated applications. When dinner was finished, he addressed himself to the company, in pushing round a plate with half a crown upon it, *I think we had better pay for our dinner now, before we begin upon the wine; for I have a notion they imagine we intend to bilk them to-day.*

Quin one day after a pretty long walk dropt into a chop-house not far from Somerset-house, and asking the mistress what she had ready, she replied, "that there was some nice veal *a-la-daube* quite hot." "Well then, said he, let me have some *daubed* veal, I think you call it." A plate was accordingly brought him, which he presently dispatched, and had another; this was gone in a trice, and he had a fourth, fifth, and sixth, which might perhaps altogether weigh three quarters of a pound. Upon inquiring what was to pay, the mistress told him twelve shillings. "By G—d, madam, it must be a mistake; how do you sell your veal a pound?" "Sir, she replied, rather pertly, we don't sell it by the pound."—"No, said he, I find you don't; but, by G—d, you sell it at *half a crown an ounce.*"

A certain vain, supercilious man of fashion, who went constantly to Bath once a year, told Quin one day very seriously, "I do believe, says he, I am one or other the most facetious fellow in the world, for I never go into any company but I set them all a laughing." "Are you sure, said Quin, that they don't laugh at you, instead of your wit?" "I don't care if they do, said he; for I am pretty certain there is no man laughs at me, but I laugh at him again." "Then, said Quin, you lead the merriest life of any man in Europe."

Quin,

Quin, upon his first coming to Bath, found himself very extravagantly charged for eatables and drinkables, as well as lodging and washing; at the end of the first week, he took Nash aside, who had invited him down, as being the cheapest place in England for a man of taste and a *bon vivant*. The master of the ceremonies, who loved his joke, and knew that Quin relished a pun as well as himself, replied, "They have acted by you upon truly christian principles." "How so?" says Quin. "Why, resumed Nash, you was a *stranger*, and they took you in."—"Ay but, said Quin, they have fleeced me instead of *cloathing* me."

Quin being at Bristol feast, where the company was all extolling the *ham*, an alderman, who had cut pretty deep in it, was observing, "that for his part, he saw no reason why the Bristol hams should not be as valuable as the Westphalia; our *hogs* are every way as good, and we feed them as well," says he. "Aye, but, Sir," says Quin, "consider, it would be *murder* to *kill* them."

Quin was one morning in Hyde Park, when Lord A—— came trotting through in a manner as if he had never learnt the manege. By G—d, said Quin, *his lord—p is quite out of his element—he looks as if he were rolling upon a rough sea.—He might save a deal of money, and have much better exercise, by hiring a porter at half a crown a morning to bump his a—e.*

Quin and orator Henley had once a long dissertation upon learning, poetry, and the like; when the orator wound up the argument by saying, "The muses were a parcel of scientific brimstones, ten times worse than Covent-garden bunters, and that there was nothing to be got by them but an intellectual gonorrhea, ten times more inveterate than a corporeal one." "Yes, added Quin, there
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is—What do you think of the *Cacoethes Scribendi*, far more incurable than the Scotch fiddle ?”—
 “ *D—n such b—hes, then,* said the orator, *by whom you get both a cl—p and the itch at once.*”

When Quin was asked his opinion of Tristram Shandy, he answered, “ He thought him a very bawdy priest, who, with all his *stars*, was still a very *obscure writer*.”

An actress belonging to Drury-lane theatre, somewhat vain of her singing, was tuning her pipes in the green-room, whilst Quin sat in a pensive posture, with a chew of tobacco in his mouth. “ Mr. Gravity, says the lady, don’t you think I sing like Signora, &c.” “ Rot me, madam, if I was thinking about you,” quoth he. “ Why, how now, fauce-box ? says she; ’tis not long since I saw you act the part of Timothy Rag, in your own cloaths, and the whole house observ’d you was well dress’d for the part.” “ *Madam, says the actor, if spitting upon you was not taking notice of you, I wou’d do it.*”

A young fellow who fancied himself possessed of talents sufficient to cut a figure on the stage in comedy, offered himself to the master of Covent-garden theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities before Mr. Quin, the celebrated player. After he had rehearsed a speech or two, in a wretched manner, Quin asked him, with a contemptuous sneer, whether he had ever done any part in comedy. The young fellow answered, That he had done the part of Abel in *The Alchemist*. To which Quin replied, with that sarcastical turn peculiar to himself, “ *You mistake, boy, it was the part of Cain you acted; for I am sure you murdered Abel.*”

Another time, one of equal vanity and inability offered himself at the same theatre, for tragedy; who, according to custom was to speak before Mr. Quin. Just as he began to rant forth a tragedy speech, a dog, that was running about the stage

at the same time, set up a terrible howl : upon which, Quin asked whose dog it was ; and being informed, he cried out, *He's a dog of good judgment, by G—d !* and walked off without staying to hear the speech out.

Some years before Quin left the stage, he had laid a wager with Giffard, that, before the season was out, he would tell all the audience to kiss his a—e ; and that, so far from being offended, they would applaud him for it. An opportunity offered one night when some of the royal family was expected, and when the curtain could not be drawn up till their arrival. Quin went upon the stage, after the repeated clamours of the galleries for the last music, when he told the audience they could not possibly begin yet ; but that, if they pleased, he would, in the mean time, attempt to divert them with a West-country story. “ Hear him, hear him,” re-echoed from every quarter. “ An honest working man in Somersetshire took for better for worse a strapping wench, whose name was Jane : she, in due time, proved that she was neither barren, nor her husband impotent. Their first issue was called after his father Jeremiah. A whimsical esquire in the neighbourhood, who stood godfather to the second, and who they therefore thought would make a comfortable provision for him in due time, had the liberty to name him as he pleased. He called him *Kiss-my a—e !* When they grew up, Jere was intended for his father's profession—*Kiss-my a—e for nothing !* However, the 'squire dying, and no provision being made for his god-son, he soon took up his father's trade, which was neither more or less than *Trencher-maker—Jere made square trenchers—Kiss-my a—e all round.* Their father died some time after ; and having been a sober, industrious man, had saved a
small

small matter, which he fairly divided between his two sons. Flushed with this acquisition, they came up to London to see the world, got dressed, and came to the play—Jere was of a more prudent turn than his brother, and went into the gallery—*Kiss my-a—e in the pit* They were so fond of what they had seen, that they returned the next night, the house was crammed, and—*Kiss-my a—e in the boxes.*” Quin had got thus far in his story, with repeated acclamations, when the regal part of the audience arrived, and prevented the sequel.

Quin went one morning to a friend of his, who had built a new house at Bath, before it was quite finished; when, being affected in a certain natural way, after having enquired of the servant if his master was at home, and being answered in the negative—“Well, said he, however, shew me your little house.”—“Yes, Sir, replied the servant, keeping the street-door in his hand, the house is *small*, but it is very compact.”—“I mean, continued Quin, your necessary-house.”—“Yes, Sir, replied the servant, I believe my master will find it very *necessary*, when he comes down, and much better than lodgings.”—“Your conveniency, I mean,” said Quin.—“Very *convenient*, I can assure you,” still continued the servant.—Quin, no longer able to contain himself, cried with some emphasis, “G—d d—n you, yourascal, shew me your *sh—t house*, or, by G—d, I shall besoul my breeches.”—“O Lord, Sir, said the servant, *that is not built yet.*”

Quin complaining of his old age and infirmities one day in the public rooms at Bath. a pert young coxcomb asked him, “What would he give to be as young as he was?” “I do not know,” says Quin, measuring him very contemptuously; “but I should be almost content to be as *foolish*.”

BONS MOTS, ANECDOTES, &c.

OF GARRICK, COLMAN, SWIFT, STERNE,
NASH, SHUTER,

AND OTHER CELEBRATED WITS.

IN one of the late exhibitions of the Royal Academy, there was a very fine whole-length painting of Mr. Garrick in Richard the III^d. which was universally allowed to be the best likeness of that incomparable actor yet done. One morning as Mr. Garrick was going down stairs from the Exhibition-room, he was met by a nobleman of his acquaintance, who asked him, how he did? "Why, 'faith, my lord (replied Garrick), but *so-so* this morning; but if your lordship will but walk up-stairs, you will see me as *well* as ever I was in my life."

It was wittily remarked by Mr. Colman, when comparing the contrary humours of his *Man and Wife*, that they are like flint and steel—*constantly striking fire out of one another*.

Nash, the late master of the ceremonies, was one night making a collection for the Bath Hospital, when a certain duchess entered, who is more remarkable for her wit than her generosity; and not being able to get by him unobserved, gave him a pat with her fan, saying, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket."—"Yes, madam, said he, that I will with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop;" when taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat (which he always wore), one, two, three, four, five. "Hold, hold! says her grace, consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, madam," said Nash—and went on telling,

fix, seven, eight, nine, ten.—Here her grace called out again with an angry tone.—“I beg, madam, you would compose yourself, said Nash, and not interrupt the work of charity—Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen.”—The duchess now began to rave, and laid hold of his arm. “Indeed, madam, said he, you shall have your name written in letters of gold, ay, and upon the front of the building.”—Then he went on, “Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty.” “I won’t pay a farthing more,” said the duchess.—“Charity covers a multitude of sins, said Nash : twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five.”—“Nash, said she, I protest you frighten me out of my wits!—Lord, I shall faint ! I shall certainly die !”—“Madam, you will never die with doing good ; and if you do, it will be better for you,” answered Nash—and was going on ; but finding her grace was really ready to faint, he entered into a composition with her for thirty guineas. But this was very far from satisfying her grace, who seemed quite chagrined the greatest part of the evening ; and when he came to the quadrille-table where she was playing, she bid him stand further, an ugly devil ! for she hated the sight of him. Soon after her grace had a run of good luck : which so pleased her, that she called to him, saying, “Come, you impudent devil, I will be friends with you, if you promise never to plague me again in such a manner ; and now, to shew you I don’t bear malice, there are ten guineas more towards the subscription.” Presently Fortune turned her blind side upon her grace, and being broke, she was obliged to borrow twenty pieces of Nash, when she could not be expressing her anguish at having parted with her money, by saying, *This comes of charity---but I’ll stick to the old proverb for the future, for sure enough it should begin at home.*

The late Mr. Sterne being at a coffee-house, a wretched wit came in, and after having railed against the clergy at an immoderate rate, turned to Sterne, and with an intent to affront him, asked his opinion on the subject: but this facetious clergyman, instead of giving a direct answer to the question, only observed, that he had a dog—a very fine dog to look at,—but the worst of him was, that he always snarled at a clergyman wherever he saw one. “How long has he had that trick?” demanded the witling. “Oh, Sir, answered Mr. Sterne, (bowing to him in particular) *ever since he was a PUPPY!*”

The late lord S—— having a great desire to be thought a proficient in physic and surgery, the earl of Chesterfield coming to him one morning, at a time when he wished for his vote and influence in the house, where his lordship often forgot to attend, pretended to be afflicted with the head-ach, and requested to be let blood; this his noble friend complied with, and expressed great satisfaction in the confidence reposed in him. The earl seizing the favourable moment, induced lord S—— to go with him to the house, and to vote in a manner favourable to his wishes and to the public good; so that he used to say he had the boast of having literally *bled* for the service of his country.

Mr. Sterne often related that the celebrated Dr. S——l J——n once invited Mrs. M-caul-y to dinner.—When the table was covered, the doctor insisted that his servant should sit down and help himself.—John, who was very modest, at first declined the offer, till his master being peremptory in the matter, he at last complied. On this, the lady rose from her seat, telling doctor J——n she did not think he had invited her with

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a design to affront her, by classing her with a livery-servant. The doctor replied, that he rather meant it as a compliment. He then desired John to rise, and bring him a book of Mrs. M-c-ly's writing, that lay in the window, out of which he ordered him to read certain passages, wherein she asserted the equality of mankind. As he was reading, the lady retired—On which the doctor said very coolly, “Come, John, you may give over *preaching*; for I see you have made a *very moving discourse indeed*.”

Lord-chief-justice HYDE having a man once brought before him whose name was BULL, and whom he had a mind, after the manner of the times, to brow-beat—“So your name is Bull?” said he?—“Yes, my lord.”——“Bull! Where are your horns?”——“My lord (replied the prisoner), the *horns* always go with the HYDE.”

A person being once called to appear before Sir John Fielding whose name was *Unit*; after long inquiry for him, it was impossible to find him. “Well then, said Sir John, all I can say is, that Mr. *Unit* must now stand for a *Cypher*.”

Sir John Fielding being once in company with some geniuses who affected to make very light of the sabbath, observed, that it was at least a very political institution: “For, said he, three-fourths of the people about London are supported—by breaking it.

Dean Swift once soliciting the living of St. Andrew's for Dr. Sacheverel of lord Bolingbroke, his lordship said the doctor was too troublesome and insignificant. The dean then asked permission to tell a story—“A Scotchman on board a ship, said he, in an engagement, being troubled by a louse biting him in the neck, stooped down to catch it—at that instant a cannon-ball took off the head of

the person standing next him—On which the Scotchman, thankful for his escape, returned the louse into his collar, bidding him live at free quarters. “How does your lordship like the story?”——“Very well, (replied the earl) and the louse shall have the living for his pains.”

A certain young gentleman who had been more favoured (like Mr. K—g, the comedian) by wit than by fortune, and who had sometimes been warned by Sir John Fielding against his favourite vice of gaming, being one evening reduced to his last five guineas, ventured to stake this sum, and by repeated successes at last won upwards of two thousand pounds: coming home at a late hour, he appeared extremely serious, and called for a bible.—His wife, who had sat up for him, and was very obedient, found one, with some difficulty, and brought it to him, not without fear and trembling, as doubting that he might have taken some fatal resolution.—“Have you met with any misfortune?” cried she —“Give me the bible,” said her husband.—“If you have lost any sum at play, it may be repaired,” says this good wife.—“Give me the bible!” was all his answer. As soon as the book was delivered into his hands, he fell upon his knees, and took a solemn oath never to play at any game again. All this was supposed to arise from his having experienced some considerable loss; but his wife was agreeably surprised when he pulled out money and notes to the amount above-mentioned, saying, “My dear, you see my night’s winnings, and I have solemnly sworn never to touch a die or a card again, as a gamester, as long as I live.”

Mr. Sterne used to be much pleased with telling the following story.—“As his late majesty was on his return from Hanover, his carriage happen-
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ing to break between Helvoetsluys and the Brill, on a road where they were obliged to put up at a common gin-house, coffee was procured for the king, and six bottles of gin for his attendants, while the carriage was getting ready. The reckoning being called for, the landlord, who was apprised of the quality of his royal guest, was so modest as to make a charge amounting to eighty pounds sterling for this poor fare. Lord Ligonier, to whom the bill was brought, severely reprimanded the fellow for his attempt to impose upon his majesty; but the king overhearing the dispute, cried, "Come, my good lord, let us pay the money—The landlord would not have made so high a charge, but that the poor fellow knows *KINGS seldom call here.*"

A French gentleman having been but a very little while in England, was invited to a friend's house, where a very large bowl of punch was made, a liquor he had never seen before, and which did not at all agree with him; but having forgot the name of it, asked the person the next day, "What dey call a dat liquor in England, which be all a contradiction; vere is de brandy to make it strong, and de vater to make it small, de sugre to make it sweet, and de lemon to make it sour?" "You mean punch," said the other. "Ay, punch, begar, cried monsieur, it almost punched my brains out last night."

The Duke of Warton one day was relating to Dean Swift many of his whimsical exploits and various frolicks; but as they consisted principally of ingenious debaucheries, the dean at length stopped him, and said, "My lord duke, I advise you the next time you have an inclination to engage in a frolick, to try the frolick of being virtuous; and, take my word for it, you will find it the pleasantest frolick you ever played in your life."

Philip the Second walking one day alone in the cloisters of the convent of the Escorial, an honest tradesman, seeing the door open, went in. Transported with admiration at the fine paintings with which that house is adorned, he addressed himself to the king, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to shew him the paintings, and explain the subjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay-brother, conducted him through the apartments, and gave him all the satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it affectionately, said, "I am much obliged to you, friend: I live at St. Martin's, and my name is Michael Bombis: if you should chance to come my way, and call upon me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service." "And my name," said the pretended servant, is Philip the Second; and if you will call upon me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good."

While Casimir II. king of Poland, was prince of Sandomir, he won at play all the money of one of his nobility, who, incensed at his ill fortune, struck the prince a blow on the ear, in the heat of passion. He fled immediately from justice; but being pursued and overtaken, he was condemned to lose his head; but the generous Casimir determined otherwise. "I am not surprized," said he, at the gentleman's conduct; for not having it in his power to revenge himself on Fortune, no wonder he should attack her favourite." After which he revoked the sentence, returned the nobleman his money, and declared that he alone was faulty, as he encouraged by his example a pernicious practice, that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of the people.

The bishops Hoadley and Sherlock were both of Catherine-hall, Cambridge, and, as I believe, both of the same year, and pupils of Mr. Bower, a learned Scotchman. When they were freshmen, they were called to lectures in Tully's Offices. One day Hoadley performed so well, as to receive a compliment from his tutor. As they were coming away from the tutor's chamber, Sherlock, who was probably a little nettled, called out, "Ben, you have made good use of L'Estrange's translations to-day." "No, Tom, replied Hoadley, I have it not; and I forgot to send the bed-maker to borrow your's, which I am told is the only one in college."

In a visit queen Elizabeth made to the famous lord chancellor Bacon, at a small country seat, which he had built for himself before his preferment; she ask'd him, How it came that he made himself so small a house? *It is not I, madam, answered he, who have made my house too small for myself, but your majesty, who have made me too big for my house.*

Mr. Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Oliver's youngest daughter, the lady Frances. The young lady did not discourage him; but in so religious a court this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat: he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look-out, promising, if he could give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished. The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, as he was generally called, to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector to acquaint

acquaint him that they were together. Oliver, in a rage, hastened to the chamber; and, going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell in a fury asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, May it please your highness! I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me. The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, What's the meaning of this, hussy? why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such. My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low curtsy, replied, If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him. Say'st thou so, my lass? cried Cromwell. Call Godwyn; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room. Mr. White was gone too far to go back; his brother-parson came; Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with the money she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except that he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards.

Soon after the battle of Oudenarde, the duchess of Marlborough made a tour to Flanders, under pretence of complimenting the duke on that victory, but in fact to inform him of the cabals of his enemies, which it was not safe to entrust on paper. Her grace landed at Dunkirk, where she lay all night; and in the morning, her thoughts being intent, perhaps, upon more im-

portant concerns, though she had given a great deal of trouble in the inn, yet she went away and forgot the usual present to the chamber-maid. The girl, who interpreted this neglect to her grace's want of generosity, thought of an expedient to make herself amends; and with this view she purchased a number of phials, and then filling them, carefully corked them up, and sealed them; this done, she caused it to be rumoured abroad, that she had a quantity of the duchess of Marlborough's eye-water, which her grace, at her departure, had put into her hands to sell. It was, in reality, the duchess of Marlborough's water that filled the bottles, and the humour succeeded to the girl's wish; the eye-water was bought for the novelty by rich and poor, and the cures it performed were so wonderful, that the fame of its virtues reached the duchess at the English camp. Her grace recollected her omission, and was not a little nettled at the wench's stratagem, but could not then help it. In her return home, however, she lay again at the same inn; and as the wench was putting her to bed at night, Child, said she, I hear you have a famous eye-water to sell; I have a mind to be a purchaser. The girl, quite confounded, and ready to sink, faintly said, it was all disposed of. What quantity might you have of it, said the duchess? Only a few dozens, replied the girl. Well, said the duchess, prepare your bottles, and you may now have a larger quantity of the genuine sort. The girl was miserably perplexed, and could not tell what to say; but fell into tears, and dropping upon her knees, confessed her indiscretion, and humbly implored her grace's forgiveness, promising never to offend again in the like manner. Nay, but indeed, child, said her grace, you must make up some for me, for I have heard

an excellent character of its sovereign virtues. Being assured her grace was in earnest, the girl replied, she should be obeyed. Her grace's intention was, to prevent her eye-water being any more hawked about in Dunkirk; and therefore, in the morning, she ordered her young doctress, in her own presence, to bottle every drop of it, to cork it up safely, and seal it, as she had done the former; by which she discovered that the girl had actually procured her grace's arms to her new nostrum, a circumstance she had not before dreamt of. Well, my dear, said the duchess, I find you are mistress of your trade; you make no scruple to counterfeit a seal. Madam, said the girl, you dropt the seal in the room, and that put me in the head of it. And what might you gain, said her grace, by your last supply? Fifty-livres, replied the girl. Very well, said the duchess, please to restore the seal, and there is double that sum for you; putting five louis d'ors in her hand; adding with a stern look, and a severe tone of voice, Beware of counterfeits, hussy.

When Dr. Swift was dean of St. Patrick's, he was informed by one of the chapter, that the beadle of the cathedral was a poet. The doctor sent for him, and asked him some questions relating to his poetical talents, which he modestly disclaimed, asserting that he wrote only for his bell. It being winter, the doctor insisted he should compose some verses on the fifth of November, and repeat them under his window; which accordingly he did; and the dean was so pleased, that he rewarded the composer with a guinea, declaring, at the same time, he was a better poet than Ambrose Philips. The following were the lines repeated under the dean's window:

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To-night's the day, I speak it with great sorrow;
 That we were all t'have been blown up to-morrow;
 Therefore take care of fires and candle-light,
 'Tis a cold frosty morning, and so good-night.

In the year 1712, Matthew Prior, who was then fellow of St. John's, and who not long before had been employed by the queen as her plenipotentiary at the court of France, came to Cambridge, and next morning paid a visit to the master of his own college. The master (whether Dr. Gower, or Dr. Jenkins, is uncertain) loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world; but then he had a much greater respect for himself. He knew his own dignity too well to suffer a fellow of his college to sit down in his presence. He kept his seat himself, and let the queen's ambassador stand. Piqued a little at that, Mat. composed an extempore epigram on the reception he had met with. It was not reckoned in those days, that he had a very happy turn for an epigram. But the occasion was tempting; and he struck it off, as he was walking from St. John's college to the Rose to dinner. It was addressed to the master, and was as follows:

*I stood, sir, patient at your feet,
 Before your elbow-chair;
 But make a bishop's throne your seat,
 I'll kneel before you there.
 One only thing can keep you down,
 For your great soul too mean;
 You'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
 Pay homage to the queen.*

Charles V. in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels. He was a prince curious to know

know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself, and his administration ; therefore often went out incog. and mixed himself in such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler : unluckily it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday ; and, instead of finding the cobbler inclined for work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance. The emperor acquainted him what he wanted, and offered him a handsome gratuity. " What ! friend, says the fellow, do you know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin ? Was it Charles the Vth himself, I'd not do a flitch for him now—but if you'll come in, and drink St. Crispin, do, and welcome, we are as merry as the emperor can be." The sovereign accepted his offer : but while he was contemplating on their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosts him : " What, I suppose you are some courtier politician or other, by that contemplative phiz ; nay, by your long nose you may be a bastard of the emperor's ; but be who or what you will, you're heartily welcome—drink about—here's Charles the fifth's health." Then you love Charles the fifth, replied the emperor. " Love him ! (says the son of Crispin) ay, ay, I love his long nose-ship well enough ; but I should love him much more, would he but tax us a little less—but what the devil have we to do with politicks ?—Round with the glasses, and merry be our hearts." After a short stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception. " That (cried he) you are welcome to—but I would not to-day have dishonoured St. Crispin to have worked for the emperor." Charles, pleased with the honest good-nature and humour of the fellow,

low, sent for him next morning to court. You must imagine his surprise to see and hear his late guest was his sovereign—he feared his joke on his long nose must be punished with death. The emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and, as a reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desired, and take the whole night to settle his surprise and his ambition. Next day he appeared, and requested, that for the future the coblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the emperor's crown upon it. That request was granted, and as his ambition was so moderate, the emperor bid him make another. “If (says he) I am to have my utmost wishes, command, that for the future the company of coblers shall take place of the company of shoe-makers.” It was accordingly so ordained, and to this day there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders, adorned round with a boot and imperial crown on it, and in all processions the company of coblers take place of the company of shoe-makers.

A minister being deprived for non-conformity, said, *it should cost an hundred men their lives*; some understood this, as to his being a fellow that would move sedition, and complained of him; who, upon being examined, said, his meaning was, *That he would practice physic.*

Mr. H—rr—n, one of the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland, being one night in the pit, at the play-house in Dublin, Monacca Gaul, the orange-girl, famous for her wit and assurance, striding over his back, he popp'd his hands under her petticoats. *Nay, Mr. Commissioner, said she, you'll find no goods there but what have been fairly enter'd.*

Two very honest gentlemen, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the street, one ask'd
the

the other, How the devil he could afford to undersell him every where as he did, when he stole the stuff, and made the brooms himself? *Why, you silly dog,* answered the other, *I steal them ready made.*

A lady seeing the sheriff of a county, who was a very handsome young gentleman, attending the judge, who was an old man; a gentleman standing by, ask'd her which she lik'd best, the judge or the sheriff? The lady told him, the sheriff. Why so? said the gentleman. *Because,* answer'd she, *tho' I love judgment well, I love execution better.*

An extravagant young fellow, who was very forward to spend his money, tho' he could but ill afford it, being one evening in company in a public house, where it was propos'd to spend six-pence a-piece; the young spendthrift, not contented with this reasonable expence, insisted that it should be a shilling; saying, he knew no difference between a shilling and six-pence. To which a sly old Oeconomist replied, *But you will, young gentleman, when you come to be worth eighteen-pence.*

A gentleman told Betty Careless, upon shewing her legs, that they were very handsome, and so much alike, that they must needs be twins. Indeed, said she, you are mistaken, for I have had more than one or two between them.

A Welchman bragging of his family, said, his father's effigy was set up in Westminster-abbey. Being asked where-about, he said, *In the same monument with 'Squire Thynne's; for he was his coachman.*

An Irish lawyer of the Temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left this direction in the key-hole: *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find*
us;

me ; and if you can't read this, carry it to the Stationer's, and he shall read it for you.

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York-buildings, which he intended for publick orations, he happened at one time to be pretty much behind-hand with his workmen ; and coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounting, and scratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. Oh ! said the knight, no matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. *Why here, Sir Richard,* says the fellow, *we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money : Pray, sir, when do you intend to pay us ?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough ; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your subject.

Two Irishmen having travell'd on foot from St. Albans to Barnet, were confoundedly tir'd and fatigued with their journey ; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten miles to London. *By my shoul and St. Patrick,* cries one of them, *it is but five miles a-piece, let's e'en walk on.*

Some soldiers, quartered in a country-town, meeting a farmer on the road, a little way out of town, in a dark night, robbed him of his great coat and money. The farmer went immediately to one of the captains of the regiment to make complaint. *Honest friend,* says the captain, *when the soldiers robbed you, had you that coat on which you have now ?—Yes, sir,* answered the poor man. *Why then,* replied the captain, *you may depend on it that they*

they do not belong to my company, or they would not have left you that, nor even your shirt.

The famous Tom Thynne, who was very remarkable for his good house-keeping and hospitality, standing one day at his gate in the country, a beggar coming up to him, cry'd, he begged his worship would give him a mug of his small beer. *Why, how now,* said he, *what times are these, when beggars must be choosers! I say, bring this fellow a mug of strong beer.*

A certain reverend drone in the country was complaining to another, that it was a great fatigue to preach twice a day. *Oh!* said the other, *I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing of it.*

A gentleman whose wife was much addicted to make a slip, was asked by a lady of a pretty gay turn, whence the word *cuckold* was derived: "Why," said he, Madam, it comes from *whore*, which in Celtic signifies *a woman of fashion.*" *I did not think there had been so much corruption in whore,* said she; *as to cuckold, I think it is a mighty pretty word, and withal so fashionable—A'n't you of that opinion, Sir?*

Killigrew was a man of very great humour, and frequently diverted king Charles the second by his lively spirit of mirth and drollery. He was frequently, and had often access to king Charles, when it was denied the first peers of the realm. Among many other merry stories, the following is related of Killigrew: Charles the second, who hated business as much as he loved pleasure, would often disappoint the council, by withdrawing his royal presence when they were met, by which their business was consequently delayed, and many of the council were much offended by the disrespect shewn them. It happened one day, while the council were met, and had sat some time in expectation of his majesty, that the duke of L—d—ale, who

who was a furious ungovernable man, quitted the room in a passion, and accidentally met with Killigrew, to whom he expressed himself irreverently of the king. Killigrew bid his Grace be calm, *for he would lay a wager of an hundred pounds, that he would make his majesty come to council in less than half an hour.* Lauderdale, being a little heated, took him at his word. Killigrew went to the king, and without ceremony told him what had happened; adding, *I know your majesty hates L—d—ale, tho' the necessity of your affairs obliges you to behave civilly to him; now, if you wou'd get rid of a man you hate, come to the council; for L—d—ale is so very ambitious, that rather than pay the hundred pounds lost in this wager, he will hang himself, and never plague you more.* The king was pleased with the archness of this observation, and answered, *Then, Killigrew, I'll positively go;* and accordingly he went.

A gentleman having a little study, and having some company in his chamber, which desired to see it; he told them, *In faith, gentlemen, if you all go in, it will not hold you.*

A reverend gentleman received an invitation to dinner wrote on the ten of hearts, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune. This the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he therefore wrote the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant:

*Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,
For old English service is much more sincere:
You've sent me ten hearts, but the tythe's only mine,
So give me one heart, and take back t'other nine.*

A chand.

A chandler having had some candles stole, one bid him be of good cheer; *for in a short time they would all come to light.*

“ Well, said an old woman who was accused of a crime which she denied, may the *Devil* take me, if I did it! and now I have sworn by my *maker*.”

The following anecdote and epigram, not being universally known, will find an excuse for being inserted here for the humorous sting of the latter. —When the late earl of Halifax was chief governor of Ireland, the Commons, out of their great bounty, voted him an addition of 4000*l.* *per annum* to the accustomed appointments of his place. This their kind offer (with a self-denying generosity, which is not easily accounted for) he chose to decline; but at the same time recommended it to them, that his successor in office might enjoy the benefit of their kind intentions.—In the speech which he made upon the occasion were the following words: “ But while I consider myself at liberty to sacrifice my *private interest* to my *private feelings*, I must, &c. &c. (see the whole transactions in the journals of that time). This expression gave occasion to the following lines.

When *Halifax* in speech so witty,
So pointed, plausible and pretty,
Refused the *Commons* courteous offer
To add some thousands to his coffer;
His *private feelings* he consulted,
From whence this generous act resulted,
The same of which will crown his glory,
Immortal in Hibernian story;
For sure such bounty ne’er was known—
To ease our wants he bore his own.
What tho’ beneath a borrow’d name,
To *Donaldson* *, enchanting dame,

E

He

* His favourite Dame.

He grants a *pension* at our cost ;
 His *excellency* yet may boast,
 That quite consistent with himself,
 Whether he save or waste our pelf,
 He's—what the best wou'd fain arrive at—
 Still rul'd by *what he feels in private*.

Mr. Sterne, once in company with Mr. Garrick and others, happen'd to be inveighing very strongly against some writers, whose works abounded with indelicate allusions ; amongst other observations, he said, that such authors, as a terror to others, ought to be hung up before their own houses ; to which Garrick replied, *It's well for you, doctor, that you live in lodgings.*

The late Dr. Cheney and Dr. Tadow were exceedingly corpulent ; but the last was by much the largest. Cheney coming into the coffee-house one morning, and observing Tadow alone and pensive, asked him what had occasioned his melancholy ? Cheney, says he, I have a very serious thought come athwa t me ; I am considering how the people will be able to get you and I to the grave when we die. *Why, says Cheney, six or eight stout fellows may take me there at once ; but it is certain that you must be carried at twice.*

When the first Mr. Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, and the most considerable man among the quakers, went to court to pay his respects to Charles the second, that merry monarch, observing the quaker not to lower his beaver, took off his own hat, and stood uncover'd before Penn ; who said, Prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat : *No, says the king, friend Penn, it is usual for only one man to be cover'd here.*

Doctor Cheney once, when Nash was ill, drew up a prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly.

cordingly. The next day the doctor coming to see his patient, found him up and well; upon which he ask'd, if he had followed his prescription? *Followed your prescription!* cried Nash, *No. —Egad, if I had, I should have broke my neck; for I flung it out of the two-pair of stairs window.*

A taylor, having mended a pair of breeches for one of his customers, was carrying them home, when he saw a funeral pass by, attended in the procession by an apothecary whom he knew. *So, master,* says he to the apothecary, *I see you are carrying your work home too as well as I.*

Upon the restoration of King Charles II. the Reverend Mr. Bull (afterwards bishop) who had loyally and learnedly maintained his majesty's cause, while in exile, and had suffered for it, was presented by the king with a grant of his former living, which the lord-chancellor Hyde made some difficulty to confirm, as the then incumbent had no complaint preferr'd against him, either in point of loyalty or religion. Mr. Bull finding his pocket exhausted by this delay, but being a man of wit, and knowing his majesty's humour, took occasion to whisper him one day as he was in company, *that he had just had his pocket pickt of his money, and had not a shilling left. —Well,* said the king, *and can't you tell the thief? —Why,* reply'd Bull, *if I may speak the truth, I have caught your majesty's hand in it; and out he pulls the grant. What!* said his majesty, *are you not yet presented to your living?* *No,* reply'd Bull, *nor never shall either with the chancellor's consent or mine; for neither of us would willingly displace your majesty's friend.* The king then gave him a recommendation to the chancellor for the next vacancy that happen'd worth his acceptance; which he immediately went and deliver'd, because, said he, *Delays are dangerous.* The chancellor, in

order to make a memorandum of it, ask'd his name. My name is Bull, answer'd he. *Bull!* said the chancellor, *where are your horns?*—*Please your honour,* reply'd Bull, *the horns always go along with the Hyde.*

Lord S——h, after the first day's review at Portsmouth, having asked a clergyman, whether such a profusion of fire and smoke did not give him an idea of hell? the reverend ecclesiastick replied—“*Yes; especially as I observed your lordship to be in the midst of it.*”

Miss Catley is as much celebrated for her strokes of wit and humour, as for her amours. The following is a proof how she can despise money when she dislikes her man.—One evening, after she had played *Rosetta* in the comic opera of *Love in a Village*, the earl of H——n sent her a billet conceived in the warmest terms, and containing the largest promises. She read it, and with great indifference wrote on the back of the paper, “*Admit one into the boxes.*”

A. CATLEY.”

While the same lady was in Ireland, the influence of her charms was so general, that a wit said, “To secure a majority in either house of parliament, Miss Catley need only instruct her own *members.*”

At the close of that season in which Shuter first became so universally and so deservedly celebrated, for performing the character of *Master Stephen*, in the revived comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, he was engaged to perform a few nights in a principal city in the North of England.—It happened, that the stage in which he went down (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped on the other side Finchley Common, by a single highwayman, who having put the usual compliments to the

the

the old gentleman, and received his contribution, turned towards Shuter (who sat on the other side of the coach asleep, or at least pretending to be so) : saluting him with a smart slap on the face, and presenting his pistol, he commanded him to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man. "Money !" returns the droll, with a shrug, a very deliberate yawn, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant, "O lud, Sir, they never trusts me with any; for nuncle here always pays for my turn-pikes an' all, your honour." The highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, and rode off, while the old gentleman grumbled; and Shuter, with infinite satisfaction and laugh, pursued the rest of his journey.

Doctor Freind, the intimate companion of the celebrated Doctor Mead, happened, while in parliament, to oppose with violence the measures of the ministry. In consequence of this conduct, he was, in the month of March, 1722, committed to the Tower upon a charge of high treason. About half a year afterwards the premier, being taken ill, sent for Mead, who after informing himself about the nature of his distemper, told him, that he would answer for his recovery, but that he would not write a single prescription for him till his friend the doctor was enlarged from the Tower. The minister, finding that his malady still increased, obtained, a few days after, his majesty's pardon for the supposed culprit, and again sent to doctor Mead. Though the pardon was already dispatched from the secretary's office, yet the doctor persisted in his resolution, till his friend was actually restored to his family. The minister was soon restored to health; and Freind, on the very evening of his release, received from the hands of the doctor the sum of five thousand guineas, which the other had received as fees for attending

the patients of his imprisoned companion ; nor could Freind, with all his rhetoric, persuade him to accept them as the just fruits of his labour.

At the close of an election at Lewes, the late duke of Newcastle was so delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost *fell upon his neck and kissed him*. “ My dear friend ! I love you dearly. You’re the greatest man in the world. I long to serve you. What can I do for you ? ” “ May it please your grace, an exciseman of this town is very old : I would beg leave to succeed him as soon as he shall die.” “ Aye, that you shall, with all my heart. I wish, for your sake, he were dead and buried now. As soon as he is, set out to me, my dear friend : be it night or day, insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking : if I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln’s-inn-fields ; if I am not at Lincoln’s-inn-fields, come to Court : if I am not at Court, never rest till you find me ; not the *sanctum sanctorum*, or any place, shall be kept sacred from such a dear, worthy, good soul as you are. Nay, I’ll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were talking secrets together in the cabinet.” The voter swallowed every thing with extasy ; and scraping down to the very ground, retired to wait in faith for the death of the Exciseman. The latter took his leave of this wicked world in the following winter. As soon as ever the duke’s friend was apprized of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln’s-inn-fields by about two o’clock in the morning. The king of Spain had, about this time, been seized by a disorder which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expressions, he could not possibly survive. Amongst these, the noble duke was the most credulous, and probably the most anxious. On the very first
moment

moment of receiving his intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste, as soon as ever the death of his Catholic majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke would not retire to his rest till he had given the strictest orders to his attendants, to send any person to his chamber who should desire an admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter—"Ycs; his grace has been in bed some time, but we were directed to awaken him as soon as ever you came."—"Ah, God bless him! I know that the duke always told me I should be welcome by night or by day. Pray shew me up."—The happy visitor was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into the room, and, in the transport of his joy, cried out, "My lord, he is dead."—"That's well, my dear friend! I'm glad of it, with all my soul. When did he die?"—"The morning before last, an' please your grace."—"What? so lately! Why, my worthy, good creature, you must have flown. The lightning itself could not travel half so fast as you. Tell me, you best of men, how shall I reward you?"—"All I wish for in this world, is, that your grace would please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him."—"You, you blockhead! You king of Spain! What family-pretensions can you have? Let's look at you."—By this time the astonished duke threw back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with rage and disappointment. To have robbed him of his rest, might easily have been forgiven; but to have sed him with a groundless supposition that the king of Spain was dead, became a matter of

of resentment. He was, at first, dismissed with all the violence of anger and refusal. At length, the victim of his passion became an object of his mirth; and, when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raised the candidate for monarchy into a post, which, from the colour of the *present* times, may seem at least as honourable; he made him an Exciseman.

The following is a copy of a bill which a painter at Cirencester delivered for work done:

Mr. Charles Ferebee (church-warden of Sid-dington)

To Joseph Cook Dr.

To mending the Commandments	—	} One	
Altering the <i>Belief</i> —and	—		Pound
Making a new <i>Lord's Prayer</i>	—		One

At a masquerade in Soho, several ladies of *easy virtue* appeared as *Dianas*—Mr. Montague was in the character of a fool.—One of the nymphs said to him, “So, Mr. *Fool*, we seem to be *all* in *character* here.”—“No, madam, (said he) for if we were, there would be more *fools*, and no *Dianas*.”

A certain gambling peer married a lady of *easy virtue*. A gentleman being asked his opinion of the alliance, said,—“It is no wonder *brimstone* and *cards* should make matches.”

A gentleman being asked, if he thought Moore's machines could go without horses, replied—“None but *asses* will believe it.”

A French gentleman, who had lodged all his money in the hands of Mr. F—— some little time before he stopped payment, had the good fortune to save it by a droll and lucky accident. While he was standing one day in a fruit-shop near the 'Change, a gentleman entered and ordered a desert of fruit of various kinds, to the amount of five or six

six pounds, for his dinner. The Parisian at his departure, enquired what great duke or lord, or secretary of state that was, who had been so profuse in the simple article of fruit? He was answered that it was Mr. F——, the banker. "*Oh oh! you say dat?*" (returned the astonished foreigner) *begar den me go dis minute, and take all my money from him, or he will eat it all up.*" He drew out his money immediately, and Mr. F—— stopt payment two days after.

A man having lost his wife, who was a very good woman, was always crying for his loss when in company; a lady advised him to make himself easy, for his wife was certainly gone to heaven. "That's all that grieves me (said he) *for I am sure of never seeing her again.*"

When C——y, the famous singer, came over from Ireland, a friend of her's ask'd her, how she liked the Irish, who were famous for pleasing the women? She replied, she liked them very well, and that all was true that had been said of them. Then how comes it, said he, that you're not with child.—"*Ah, said she, their love is beyond conception.*"

Mrs. Macaulay having published her *Loose Thoughts*, Mr. Garrick was asked if he did not think it a strange title for a lady to chuse:—"By no means, replied he; the sooner a woman gets rid of *such thoughts*, the better."

A female writer visiting Mrs. Macaulay, apologized for the ill success a comedy she had produced, by saying she wrote it only to dissipate melancholy in some irksome hours. "I presume then, madam, (said Mrs. M.) that you write *tragedy* when you are in *high spirits*."

Soon after the accession of George the first, an ignorant justice of the peace, living in Clerkenwell,
who

who had always supposed that *Anno Domini* was Latin for *Queen Ann*, hearing his clerk read a mitimus, when he came to the *Anno Domini*, cried out with some warmth, *And pray, Sir, why not GEORGIO DOMINI? Sure you forget yourself strange'y.*

A worthy baronet sitting in a coffee-room, and a dog being very troublesome, he bid the waiter kick him out; but in the hurry of business he forgot it. The dog continuing to pester him, he said, if the waiter did not kick the dog out, he would kick him out. "Sir," said a young coxcomb, "I perceive you are not fond of dogs."—"No" said he "nor puppies neither."

A quaker, driving in a single-horse chaise up a green lane that leads from Newington-green to Hornsey, happened to meet with a young blood, who was also in a single-horse chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one of them would back his carriage, which they both refused. "I'll not make way for you," says the blood, "d—n my eyes if I will." "I think I am older than thou art," said the quaker, "and therefore I have a right to expect thee to make way for me." "I won't, d—n me," resumed the first. He then pulled out a news-paper and began to read, as he sat still in his chaise; the quaker observing him, pulled a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and with a convenience which he carried about him, struck a light, illuminated his pipe, and sat and fumed away very comfortably.—"Friend," said he to the young blood, "*when thou hast read the paper through, I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it me.*" My young gentleman, seeing the obstinacy of the quaker was not to be overcome, prudently made way for him, but not till after he had favoured him with a few oaths, curses, and imprecations.

The

The following gentlemen were absolutely freeholders of Middlesex at one time. William King, William Prince, James Duke, Thomas Earl—William Church, Charles Churchman, Richard Chappell.—John Parsons, William Deacon, John Priest.—Joseph Miller, Edward Smith, William Cook, William Butcher, John Glover, Peter Taylor, Samuel Butler, John Barber, George Gardener, Henry Turner, John Fuller, John Cooper, William Baker, Daniel Chandler, Charles Porter, Israel Skinner, John Goldsmith, Charles Carpenter, George Slater, Joseph Carter, Samuel Packer, John Cheeseman, John Mercer.—Henry East, Edward West, Thomas South, George North.—John Farmer, James Fisher, Benjamin Thrasher.—Henry Day, Joshua Night.—Francis Deadman, Stephen Pitt, William Graves.

It was observ'd that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. *I'll lay a wager, says a wag, I get an invitation from him.* The wager being accepted, he goes, the next day, to this rich man's house, about the time that he was known to sit down to dinner, and tells the servant that he must speak with his master immediately; for that he can save him a thousand pound. Sir, says the servant to his master, *here is a man in a great hurry to speak with you, who says he can save you a thousand pound.* Out comes his master. *What's that you say, Sir? That you can save me a thousand pound?—Yes, Sir, I can. But I see you are at dinner. I'll go and dine myself, and call again.—Oh, pray, Sir, come in and take a dinner with me—Sir, I shall be troublesome—Not at all.* The invitation was accepted; and, dinner being over, and the family retired, *Well, Sir, says the man of the house, now to our business. Pray, let me know how I am to save this thousand pound.—Why, Sir, said the other,*

other, *I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage.—I have.—And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pound?—I do so.—Why, then, Sir, let me have her, and I'll take her with nine thousand.*

Sir Nicholas Bacon, going to pass sentence of death upon a criminal, was greatly importuned by him to save his life. Among other reasons alledged, he told him he was his relation. *How do you prove that?* said the Judge.—*My Lord,* said the fellow, *Your name is Bacon, and my name is Hog; and in all ages, hog and bacon have been reckoned a-kin.—But,* replied the Judge, *Hog is never bacon till it has been well hang'd. Therefore you must be hang'd before you can be any relation of mine.*

A fellow, who had pick'd up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman with *Quelle heure est-il, Monsieur?* (In French, *What is it o'clock, Sir?*) to which the gentleman answer'd *Nescio* (in Latin, *I don't know*). *Damn it,* said the fellow, *I did not think it was near so late;* and ran off, as though he had had something of consequence to do.

It was pleasantly enough said of a man, who affected to make use of uncommon and hard words, that *he had swallowed a dictionary.*

An old lady calling one day upon a gentleman much given to women, the gentleman's daughter, who met her at the door, seem'd to hesitate at admitting her. *My dear,* said the old lady, *don't be afraid. People of my age are of no sex.*

An elderly lady having left a small estate to a young fellow for certain private services, her niece told him with a sneer, that he had bought that estate of her aunt's very cheap. *Madam,* said he, *if you think so, you shall have it at the same price.*

When

When doctor Hill (afterwards Sir John Hill) first launched into the literary world, he amongst *other voluminous works in all sciences*, wrote several *farces*, which he recommended very strongly to Mr. Garrick for representation; Garrick, however, not judging them to possess merit enough for the stage, politely refused them, which so irritated the doctor, that he constantly squibbed at him in the news-papers, some of which he at that time commanded. Garrick bore all very patiently for some time: at last thinking it necessary to hint to the world the occasion of this antipathy, he told them so in the following very severe epigram:

“ For physic and farces

His equal there scarce is;

For his *farces* are *physic*—his *physic* a *farce* is.”

During the management of Rich, a person who had formerly been an attendant on Mr. Booth, in the quality of a *friseur*, from constantly rubbing his skirts to the scenes, took it into his head to commence author, and accordingly produced a thing, which by the recommendation of several persons of fashion he got the manager to look at. Rich, on perusal, not finding it fit for the stage, told the author in general terms, “ It would not do.” “ Your objections, Sir?” says the other. “ I tell you, Mr. ———, it won’t do.” “ But, Sir, (replied the author) I should be glad you would be more particular, for the satisfaction of my patrons.” “ O then (says Rich) you want a reason for my refusal, do you? Why then, Mr. ———, tell your noble friends, there’s too much *hors-hair* in the piece.”

A witty Counsellor, formerly of the Middle-Temple, who had been often reprimanded by a lady of his acquaintance for dressing so slovenly whenever he went into company, one day in par-

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ticular underwent a severe examination of every part of his dress, before a room full of company. When she came to his breeches, she stopt short: "And pray," says she, "what do you call that?" (pointing to an old pair of black velvet-breeches he had on.) "This, madam," says the Counselor, who had hitherto borne all this raillery very patiently, "is an *old velvet-pall I keep to cover a dead friend.*"

A great personage riding out one morning on Richmond-Hill, being struck with the situation, neatness, and elegance of the late Mr. Blanchard's house, asked whose it was? Being told it belonged to a *card maker*, "Indeed!" says his m——y, "all his cards then must have certainly turned up *trumps.*"

Charles the II^d. being at hazard one Twelfth-night at court with the duke of Buckingham, and others, a well-dressed sharper, who stood behind the duke's chair, took the liberty to pick his pocket of a diamond snuff-box, which was very valuable. Just in the instant of his stealing it, the king happened to fix his eyes on him; on which the sharper, with great presence of mind, put his finger up to his nose, thereby insinuating it was done out of fun. The king knew the world too well to be gulled even by such an artifice, but however held his tongue. Some time after the duke missing his box, his majesty told him the circumstance. "Good G—d, Sire," says his grace, "why did not your majesty tell me of it in time?" "Oh!" says the king, "I could not do that, I was upon *honour.*"

The late lord Holland (who was perhaps the fattest man of his height in England) and his brother Charles coming out of the Thatched-house one night together, a chair was called for
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the former, who altering his mind, agreed to go home in his brother's carriage, which was in waiting; the chairmen, however, being disappointed, he gave them a shilling. "Long life to your lordship," says Paddy, "six-pence more to your poor chairmen." "What," says he, have not I given you your full fare?" "O, yes, your lordship; but, *consider the fright.*"

Some time after the conquest of Minorca by marshal Richlieu, he and madame Pompadour, then the two greatest favourites of the late king of France, were walking together in the gardens of Versailles, as the king was at one of the windows; upon which his majesty called out to one of the lords in waiting, "*Voilà mon épée et forreau.*"

It is usual for players of very inconsiderable rank at both the London theatres, when they get down to the country in the summer, to exert all their influence for getting into those characters which they think their genius (however their ill-stars may have opposed) originally designed them. A Mr. Perry, late of Covent-Garden theatre, as manager of Canterbury, a few summers ago was figuring away, amongst this number, in the character of Richard the III^d. when a gentleman in the pit asked who he was? "His name is *Perry*," says the person he applied to. "Ah!" says the other, shaking his head, "*would it were mum!*"

The first night that Savigny (who was a cutler by profession) appeared at Covent-Garden theatre in Barbarossa, lady Harrington, who sat in the same box with Sir Francis Delaval, being much affected, turned about to the knight, and observed, "He was really very *cutting.*" "Oh! dear madam," says Sir Francis, "I am not much surprised at that—consider he is a *razor-grinder.*"

Upon the grandfather of the present earl of

Albemarle's getting the blue ribband, who was previously a knight of the thistle, he was spoke to by lord Panmure to solicit the late king for his former ribband. My lord Albemarle accordingly took the first opportunity to present lord P——'s duty at the levée, and ask the favour. "What! give him a ribband," says his m——y; "a fellow that has always been voting against the court. How could you ask it, Albemarle?" "Sire, I can tell you, he means to be more grateful for your majesty's favour for the future," says my lord. "Well, I do not care for that, he's a *puppy*, a mere *puppy*, and shall not have it." The king having said this, was turning on his heel, when Albemarle cries out, "To be sure, Sire, there is no contradicting what you say, but then what is a *puppy* without his *collar*?"

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name; being informed it was *Russel*, "Pray," says the gentleman, "is your *coat of arms* the same as the duke of Bedford's?" "As to our *arms*, your honour," says the porter, "I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a damned deal of difference between our *coats*."

A gentleman who had long danced attendance at the late duke of Newcastle's levée, being one morning cooling his heels in the anti-chambers, along with a number of other unfortunate solicitors, one of the company was praising the elegant stuccoeing of the ceiling. "Yes, yes," says the gentleman, "it is really very elegant, and what is more, it is of a piece with the flooring." "How can that be, Sir?" says the other. "Why do not you see, Sir, *as well as I*, that both the *top* and *bottom* of the room is full of *fret work*?"

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The late duke of Newcastle, who was at times a great idler for a statesman, being one morning at the levée, running up and down about the room, with a face of much importance and enquiry, a lady asked the dowager lady T——d, who was present, what she thought his grace was looking for. "O'Lord," says she, "for nothing at all, madam, but the *two hours he has lost in the morning.*"

A Jew, who was dressed out in a tawdry suit of laced cloaths, giving in bail before lord Mansfield, serjeant Davy, who was Counsel for the plaintiff, was putting the question hard to the Israelite, to know whether he was worth such a sum of money, clear of all debts? The Jew several times answered in the affirmative; but the serjeant still persisting in his interrogatories, my lord turns to the serjeant, "Poh! poh! brother Davy, how can you tease the gentleman so? Do not you see *he would burn for much more?*"

As the celebrated Ninon L'Enclos (who was as remarkable for her gallantry as beauty) was going to court one day, her chairman happened to stumble, by which accident she fell *forward*, and dislocated her knee: a young waterman coming up just at the same time, being informed of the cause of the crowd, bawled out, "*Le diable! c'est une toute! Elle tomba à la renverse très toujours.*"

Dr. M——d. coming out of Tom's coffee-house, an impudent broken apothecary met him at the door, and desired he would lend him five guineas. Sir, said the doctor, *I am surprised you should apply to me for such a favour, who don't know you! Oh! dear Sir,* replied the apothecary, *it is for that very reason I ask it, for those who know me won't lend me a farthing.*

An honest French dragoon, in the service of
 F 3 Lewis

Lewis XIV. having caught a fellow in bed with his wife, after some words, told him, he wou'd let him escape that time; but if ever he found him there again, he would throw his hat out at the window. Notwithstanding this terrible threat, in a few days, he caught the spark in the same place, and was as good as his word: sensible of what he had done, he posted away to the place where he knew the king was to be; and throwing himself at his majesty's feet, implored his pardon. The king ask'd what his offence was? He told him how he had been abus'd. "Well, well, said the king, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your provocation; I think you was much in the right to throw *his hat out of the window.*" "Yes, and it please you, my liege, *but his head was in it,* said the dragoon." "Was it?" replied the king; "well, my word is pass'd."

Two fellows meeting, one ask'd the other, why he look'd so sad? "I have good reason for it, answer'd the other; poor Jack Such-a-one, the greatest crony and best friend I had in the world, was hang'd but two days ago." "What had he done?" says the first. "Alas! replied the other, he did no more than you or I should have done on the like occasion; he found a bridle on the road and took it up." "What! says the other, hang a man for taking up a bridle! that's hard, indeed!" *To tell the truth of the matter, says the other, there was a horse tied to the other end of it.*

The Rev. Mr. Whiston, the famous astronomer, made a calculation, that the world would be at an end in eighteen years; and some time after, being about to dispose of a little estate, he ask'd the buyer thirty years purchase; upon which, in great surprise, the gentleman demanded, *with what face he could ask so much, when he well knew the world*

werla would be at an end in a little more than half that time?

A droll fellow who got a livelihood by fiddling at fairs and about the country, was one day met by an acquaintance that had not seen him a great while, who accosted him thus, *Bless me! what! are you alive! Why not, answer'd the fiddler, did you send any body to kill me? No, replies the other, but I was told you was dead. Ay, so it was reported, it seems, says the fiddler, but I knew it was a lie as soon as I heard it.*

A dyer in a court of Justice was desired to hold up his hand, which was all black. *Take off your glove, friend, said the judge to him. Put on your spectacles, my lord, answer'd the dyer.*

The late *Freke* the surgeon being ill of a fever, several of his profession made interest with the governors of *St. Bartholomew's*, to succeed him in that hospital. *Freke* recovering, and meeting some time after with one of these surgeons at a coffee-house, the latter began to apologize for his having solicited; urging, that it was no more than what was customary, where an hospital physician or surgeon was supposed to be in danger. *Sir, said Freke, if you will forgive me living, I will forgive you soliciting.*

The late counsellor *Bootle*, who was of very low extraction, having made some advance in life, and intending to set up his chariot, consulted the late *Mr. Anstis* upon a coat of arms: But *Anstis* told him he was not entitled to any. Some time after, however, *Bootle* meeting him, says, *Well, notwithstanding what you told me, I have got a coat of arms upon my chariot.—And, pray, what are your arms?—Three combs.—Upon my life, said Anstis, very proper arms for such a lousy family.*

Harry the IVth of France asked a lady of his court,

court, which was the way to her bedchamber. *Sir*, said she, *the only way to my bedchamber is through the church.*

When a late Prince was made ranger of a well-known park, *Henceforward*, said a bold impudent girl, *it will be rutting-time in that park all the year round.*

Two little girls of the city of *Nprwich* disputing for precedency, one the daughter of a wealthy brewer, the other the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune; *You are to consider, Miss*, said the brewer's daughter, *that my papa keeps a coach.—Very true, Miss*, said the other, *and YOU are to consider that he likewise keeps a dray.*

Philip the II^d of *Spain*, making his entrance into *Saragossa*, and being attended by the then duke of *Savoy*, complimented this prince with the upper-hand. The duke's horse proving restive, *Your highness's horse*, said the king, *seems to be somewhat unruly.*—*Sir*, replied the duke, *My horse has sense enough to know that he is not in his proper place.*

In *Southwark* there is a small madhouse dependent on *Guy's Hospital*. In the first years of that hospital, a madman, having made his escape from one of the windows, crawled along over several houses. But coming at length to some bad tiling, it gave way, and part of his body went through. *Good God!* said a woman that was sitting in the room, *who's there?*—*Hold your tongue, you bitch*, said the madman, *I am only come to make you a sky-light.*

'Tis reported of *Diogenes*, that, going along the street, a man, with a load upon his shoulders, struck him with his burthen, and then bade him take care. *Why*, said *Diogenes*, *do you intend to strike me again?*

The late *George Willis*, a fellow in low life,
but

but a man of a considerable share of wit, and of infinite comedy, coming home very drunk one afternoon, *This habit of drinking*, said his wife, *will certainly shorten your days.*—Then, said George, *my nights will be the longer.*

His late majesty, at a review of his horse-guards, asked Monsieur de Buffly, the French ambassador, if he thought the king of France had better troops. *Oh, yes, Sir*, replied the ambassador, *the king of France has his Gens-d'armes, which are reckoned the best troops in the world. Did your majesty never see them?* The king answered, *No.* Upon which General Campbell, Colonel of the Scotch Greys, who lost his life in the battle of Fontenoy, and who was then within hearing, steps up, and says,—*Though your majesty has not seen these troops his excellency speaks of, I have seen them, and have cut my way through them twice; and make no doubt of doing the same again, whenever your majesty shall think proper to command me.*

It is related by some of Diogenes, but by Machiavel of Castruccio Castracani, that, being conducted by a slovenly fellow through the apartments of a house, where the floors, as well as the furniture, were kept superstitiously clean, and wanting or pretending to want to spit, he spat full in the face of his conductor. *I ask your pardon*, said he; *but it was really the dirtiest place I could find.*

Queen Elizabeth, being taken with the gallant behaviour of the duke of Villa Medina, the Spanish ambassador, insisted upon knowing his mistress. The duke begg'd her to excuse him; but, finding it to no purpose, he promised to send her his mistress's picture. The next day she received a small packet from him, in which she found nothing but *a looking-glass.*

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I shall clip your wife's wit, said Dean Swift to Mr. Pilkington, in the presence of the wife. *That will be a hanging matter*, said she, *for 'tis sterling*.

When Captain Francis Drake, the first Englishman who performed a voyage round the world, arrived at Deptford, Queen Elizabeth expressed a desire of seeing the ship and men. She appointed a day, and every thing was prepared for her reception. As the accommodation ladders, which have since been made use of, were not in practice then, the captain had manned his sides with the officers and midshipmen, all in new uniforms, to pay the greater honour to her majesty. She accordingly came along-side, and was handed up; and as she stood on the gunwale (or outermost edge of the ship's side) looking down, she perceived a very handsome young fellow, at the bottom of the side next the water, smiling very significantly. She took no notice of this circumstance, but going on the quarter deck, knighted the captain, afterwards Sir Francis Drake, and retired into the cabin. When she had satisfied herself from him of many particulars about his voyage, she enquired concerning those gentlemen who handed her up the side, and more inquisitively demanded of Sir Francis who that young gentleman was, on the left-hand side as she came up. Sir Francis, after a little recollection, informed her, that he was a young gentleman of family—had been with him the whole voyage, in the station of a midshipman, and was universally respected and beloved by every body on board. 'Tis well, said her majesty, but I have something to say to him in private, and I must not be disturb'd—send him to me.—The cabin was immediately clear'd, and the youngster was found among his messmates below, when the
order

order arrived for his attending the queen in the great cabin alone. He had much rather have gone aloft in a storm, but there was no resisting—long service had taught him to obey, and away he went. Sir, said the queen, when he enter'd, were not you the lowermost of those gentlemen on the left hand, who help'd me up the side of this ship.—I was, madam, answered as fine a figure as painting could express, with all the honest simplicity of the tar. Very well, Sir, replied her majesty, and as I stood on the edge of the ship, I looked down, and saw you smile. Now, Sir, on your allegiance to me, and as you are a gentleman, I insist on your telling me the cause of your smiling. The midshipman paused a very short time, then recollecting himself, and being encouraged by the queen's gracious behaviour, said, May it please your majesty, since you have commanded me to explain myself, I will honestly tell you. *My messmates and I have often drank to the best in Christendom; but by G—d I never saw it till this day.*—I like your ingenuoufness, said the queen, smiling, let me see you at St. James's, and dismissed him.

An Irishman in France drinking with some company who proposed the toast ——*The land we live in.*—*Aye, with all my soul, my dear,* said he, *here's poor old Ireland.*

In a church, not far from a famous sea-port, was a parson and clerk, who were really originals in their way. The parson, who was a Welchman, spoke so thick, there was no understanding him; and the clerk, having broke his voice in singing psalms, repeated the responses in such a querulous plaintive tone, that he seem'd to be always crying. A sailor, who stumbled in there one Sunday evening, was very much astonish'd at their proceedings; for though the parishioners might be acquainted

quainted with their dialect, Jack was not; however, he waited with much decency and patience till service was ended, and going out, meets a brother tar. *Where have you been, Jack?—At church. And what did you see there?—Why the clerk was crying,* replied he, *because he did not understand a word the parson said to him.*

Soon after our fleet went to the East Indies last war, Admiral Stephens died, and a signal was made for all lieutenants to come aboard the admiral's ship, to take orders, or attend the funeral. One of the Jacks, who had not seen a brother ship-mate a long time, met him, and ask'd what news?—*News,* said the other, *d——n my limbs if I know any news, but that the admiral is gone to bell, and has made a signal for all lieutenants.*

A bishop going on a visitation met a young parson that was extremely ignorant, but whom he had ordained a short time before, at some friend's recommendation. The poor creature, intimidated by the presence of his bishop, and by the imperious manner in which he examined him, could give no other answer than that which made the point of the following epigram.

To an ignorant priest, quoth his prelate severe,

“ Away with such blockheads, fool, what dost thou here ?

“ What afs of a bishop in orders put thee ?

“ Your lordship”—said Hodge, with an humble congée.

A judge taking a dislike to an old peasant with a long beard, who appear'd in court as an evidence, told him he supposed he had a conscience as large as his beard. *If you measure consciences by beards,* said the old man, *your lordship has no beard at all.*

A nobleman invited Dean Swift to dinner, and offered him a bill of fare. *No matter for your bill of fare*, said Swift. *Give me rather a bill of your company.*

A certain lady standing by a fat young gentlewoman, when her stays were lacing on, took occasion to joke her upon the largeness of her shape; to which the girl said, "She could only wish it as *slender* as her ladyship's reputation."

A taylor who was accustomed to steal some of his customers cloth, when he came to make himself a suit, stole half a yard of his own: his wife perceiving it, asked the reason: *Oh*, said he, *'tis to keep my hand in, lest at any time I should forget.*

A gentleman in company complaining that he was very subject to catch cold in his feet, another not overloaded with sense told him, that might easily be prevented, if he would follow his directions: I always get, says he, a thin piece of lead out of an India chest, and fit to my shoe for that purpose. "Then, sir, says the former, you are like a rope-dancer's pole—you have *lead at both ends.*"

A well experienced fellow having, as he thought, newly married a maid, was very impatient for the wedding-night to come; and when he was in bed with his simpering bride, he began to attempt the taking of the virgin citadel; but finding much facility in the first charge, he fell into a great passion with his bride, and cry'd out, *You d——'d whore, you are no maid.* To whom she as confidently replied, *A pox on you for a whore-master; who made you so skilful?*

When Mrs. W——n first acted Harry Wildair at Drury-lane playhouse, coming off the stage into the Green-room, *I believe*, said she, *that one half of the house take me to be a man:* To which said Mr.

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Quin, *But the other half, I believe, know to the contrary.*

The late prince of Wales having a mind to divert himself incog. went to see a bull-baiting near Hockley-in-the-hole. The bull (being true game) gave great sport, and foil'd every dog that attack'd him. At last, old Towzer, whose owner (a butcher of Clare-market) stood close to the prince, fairly pinn'd the bull; at which the butcher, in the joy of his heart, gave his royal highness a swinging clap on the back, saying at the same time, *D—n your blood, Mr. Prince, my dog has pinn'd the bull, for all you.*

Some gentlemen being a-drinking of ale together, one of them seeing Mr. A—ner going by, requested him to come and drink with them. A Londoner being there (having his horse ty'd at the door) said to one of his friends, "Is that Mr. A—ner that useth to utter the bulls? I wish he do not make a bull of my horse;" which he overhearing, said, *What a saucy fellow is this! You see I no sooner turn my back, but he abuses me to my face.*

A jury having given 1500*l.* damages against Sir R——— H———ly, for criminal conversation with a gentleman's wife, as the defendant was going out of court, he cried, "Damn these twelve appraisers, they have confoundedly over-valued my pastime."

A smart fellow crossing a late king in his hunting, he rides after him with his sword drawn: *Pray, sir, says he, do not knight me before my elder brother is dead, for I am but a younger brother!* which set the king a laughing, and excused his ill behaviour.

A man complaining to his friends that his wife's drunkenness and ill conduct had almost ruined him, concluded, as the vulgar usually do,
 " And

“ And for goodness sake, *what's to be said for it ?*”
Nothing that I know, says his friend, can be said for it, but much against it.

An elderly lady was telling her daughter, a girl of sixteen, of the abominable lewdness and wickedness of the age, and what debaucheries were daily practis'd by vicious men, who made use of violence as well as art to satisfy their brutal appetites ; and how that swords and pistols had been put to women, threatening them with immediate death, if they refused their unlawful embraces ; and then asked Miss, that if it should ever happen to be her fate to meet with such a trial, how she should behave ? To which the girl replied, *Life is sweet, mamma.*

One that had weak eyes being jeer'd by a man that had clear eyes, he told him *they were not so dim but he could see a fool.* *It may be so, says the other, but you must look in a glass, then.*

A certain reverend drone in the country, as was his custom, preaching most exceedingly dull to a congregation not used to him, many of them flunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was near ended. *Truly, said a gentleman present, this learned doctor has made a very moving discourse.*

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air, Well, honest fellow, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour. To which the countryman replied, *'Tis very likely you may, truly ; for I am sowing hemp.*

Dr. Sewel and two or three more gentlemen walking towards Hampstead, on a summer's day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcell, the punster, who was very importunate with them to

know upon what account they were going thither. The doctor merrily answered him, *To make hay*. Very well, replied the other; you'll be there at a very convenient season, the country wants *rahes*.

Swan, the famous punster of Cambridge, being a nonjuror, upon which account he had lost his fellowship, as he was going along the Strand, in the beginning of king William's reign, on a very rainy day, a hackney-coachman called to him, Sir, won't you please to take a coach, it *rains* hard? *Ab, friend*, said he, *but this is no rain* [reign] *for me to take coach in*.

When Oliver first coin'd his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, *God with us*: On the other, *The common-wealth of England*. *I se*, said he, *God and the common wealth are on different sides*.

When doctor Brown, who was vice-chancellor of Cambridge, took leave of the university, he did it, as usual, in form from the rostrum. It is always allowable on these occasions for the fellow-commoners and students to shew their marks of approbation or disapprobation. When the doctor accordingly mounted the rostrum, the whole audience began to *biss*; upon which he immediately replied, "*Laudamur ab his*."

The same gentleman being in company, when he was called upon for a toast, gave a lady he was very fond of. "Aye, doctor," says one of the party, "I have known you toast this lady for a great many years." "Very true," says the doctor, "but you see I cannot make her *Brown* yet."

The late Mr. Rich's abilities, as a Harlequin, are universally known. Coming home one night
from

from the play-house, he got into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun-Tavern, Clare-Market: it happened, as the coachman was driving by the window, Rich perceiving it to be open, threw himself out of the coach into the room: the man, not taking notice of this circumstance, drew up, and getting from his box opened the coach-door, let down the step, and then taking off his hat, waited for some time expecting his fare to alight: at last looking into the coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal that bilked him, and remounting his box, was driving home. Rich, watching his opportunity, on the coachman's return, threw himself in at the window again, and calling out as loud as he could bawl, bid him turn about, for he was going wrong. The fellow, almost petrified with the circumstance, did as he was ordered, and once more drew up to the tavern-door. When Rich got out, after seemingly reproaching the fellow for his stupidity, he offered him his fare. "No, God bless your honour," says the man, "I cannot think of taking any money from you." "'Pshaw, you are a fool," says Rich; "here is eighteen-pence for you." "No," says the coachman, who by this time had mounted his box, "that will not do; I know you too well, though you do *wear shoes*: and so, Mr. *Devil*, for once in your life you are flung."

Shuter being one night very merry at the Bedford-Coffee-House, the conversation happened to turn on the abilities of Mr. Garrick, as an actor; when amongst many compliments to that celebrated performer, it was observed as somewhat extraordinary, that though he was so excellent an actor himself, he was far from being lucky in his

pupils. "Why, yes," replies Shuter; "though the *little* one is a *great* one, he is something like the famous running-horse Childers—the best racer in England *himself*, but could *never* get a colt."

The celebrated earl of Dorset having a great desire to spend an evening with Mr. Butler, spoke to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him. The three wits accordingly some time after met at a tavern, when upon the first bottle Mr. Butler was rather flat; on the second he broke out the man of wit and reading; but, on the third, relapsed into a tameness of conversation, very inferior to the author of *Hudibras*. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship how he liked his friend Butler? "I do not know any thing better to compare him to," says his lordship, "than a *nine-pin*; *little* at both ends, but *great* in the middle."

Daniel Purcell the punster, calling for some pipes in a tavern, complained they were too short. The drawer said they had no other, and those were *but just come in*. *Ay*, said Daniel, *I see your master has not bought them very long*.

The same gentleman, as he had the character of a great punster, was desired one night in company, by a gentleman, to make a pun extempore. Upon what subject? said Daniel. *The king*, answered the other. *Oh, Sir*, said he, *the king is no subject*.

Serjeant Maynard, an eminent Counsellor of the last century, waiting, with the body of the law, upon the Prince of Orange (afterwards King William) at his arrival in London, the prince took notice of his great age, the serjeant being then near ninety. *Sir*, said he, *you have out-lived all the men of the law of your younger years.—I should have*

have out-lived even the law itself, replied the serjeant, *if your highness had not come over.*

When Swift was a young man, and by no means known in the literary world, he happened to be standing in a careless manner, with his back to the fire, at Old Slaughter's Coffee-House ; Dr. Garth just opposite to him, who was superscribing a letter, seeing a raw-boned awkward fellow rather engrossed the fire, calls out, " Pray, young man, have you got any *sand* about you ? " " No, friend," says Swift, " but I have got some *gravel* ; and if you will give me your letter, *I will p—fs upon it directly.*"

Counsellor Clive (who very early after his marriage with the celebrated Mrs. Clive, the actress, parted from her) returning from the western circuit some years ago, found that his washerwoman had pawned some of his linen in his absence ; upon which he dispatched his footman to engage another in that capacity whose honesty might be more depended on : a laundress was soon found ; and while the servant was counting out the dirty cloaths, she was employed in giving an account of the many respectable families she washed for. " I also wash for a name-sake of your honour's, too." " A name-sake of mine !" says the counsellor. " Yes, and please you, says she, and a mighty good sort of woman, 'thof she be one of the *player folks.*" " Oh ! what, you wash for Mrs. Clive, the actress, do you ? " " Yes, indeed, Sir, and she is one of my best customers, too." " Is she so ? " replied the counsellor. " Stop, John ! toss the cloaths into the closet again. Here, good woman, here is half-a-crown for you : I am sorry you have had this trouble ; you can never wash for me, for I will be d——n'd if ever I suffer

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my shirt to be rubbed against her shift again as long as I live."

The late king being fond of old Whiston, (celebrated for his various strictures on religion) happened to be walking with him one day in Hampton-Court-Gardens, during the heat of his persecution ; as they were talking upon this subject, his majesty observed, " That however right he may be in his opinions, it would be better if he kept them to himself." " Is your majesty really serious in your advice ?" answered the old man: " I really am," replied the king. " Why, then," says Whiston, " had Martin Luther been of your way of thinking, where would your majesty have been at this time ?"

When Wilkinson, the celebrated comedian, first appeared on the stage, he applied himself principally to mimicry, which he succeeded so well in as to meet with almost universal applause. Amongst the various characters he took off, was the late Luke Sparks, who felt it so powerfully, that he made a formal complaint to Mr. Garrick. Garrick, who himself smarted under the lash of the mimic, laughed it off, and said, " Come, come, Luke, you had better take no notice of it; consider, if you are mimicked, it is in *good company*." " Very true, Sir," says the other, gravely: " but I have known many a man *ruined* by keeping *good company*."

Doctor Hough, some time since bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper, as for many other good qualities, having a good deal of company at his house, a gentleman present desired his lordship to shew him a curious weather-glass which the bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas : the servant was accordingly desired to bring it,

it, who in delivering it to the gentleman accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged from this accident, but particularly the gentleman that asked to see it, and who was making many apologies for the accident. "Be under no concern, my dear Sir," says the bishop, smiling; "I think it is rather a lucky omen; we have hitherto had a dry season, and now, I hope, we shall have some rain; for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the *glass* so low in my life."

The late counsellor Crowle, being obliged to ask pardon of the House of Commons on his knees, when he got up, brushed them, and observed to a friend who was near him, he *was never in so dirty a house in his life*. "Oh!" says the other, "that is always the case in houses where there is so much *lumber*."

As lady B—L—, now lady T—, was presiding one evening at the tea-table, one of her ruffles caught the flame of the tea-lamp, and burned before it could be extinguished. Lord M—, who was of the party, and thought to be witty on the accident, remarked, "He did not think her ladyship so apt to *take fire*—" "Nor am I, my lord," says she with great readiness, "from *such sparks* as you."

A gentleman having a remarkable *bad breath*, was met by a celebrated Irish wit at Lucas's coffee-house, who asked him where he had been? "I have been taking the air this morning," says he, "which was rather disagreeable too, as I had a damned *North wind* full in my face all the time." "Come, come," says the wit, "don't *you* complain; by G—d, the *North wind* had the worst of it."

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces,

pieces, being a long time under an expensive prosecution in Doctor's-Commons for marrying two sisters, was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his tragedy of *The Gamblers*: the proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finished, which the former found himself so affected by, that he exclaimed, "Good God! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in the other act?" "Oh! very easily," says Moore; "there I intend to put them both in the *spiritual court*."

The dowager lady T—— some time since hearing the duchess of B—f—d was going to be married to lord C—m—y, was asked by a lady present what she thought of it? "Oh! dear madam, very well," says the other; "I think it will be an *equal match*, as there is a *great thing* on both sides."

The famous earl of Rochester profanely jesting one day before King Charles II. the king called out to him, "Well, Rochester, I believe you are one of the wickedest men in all England." "I believe I am, please your majesty," says the other, — "*of a subject*."

The celebrated antiquarian Wood being in company with doctor South, the celebrated preacher and punster, was complaining to him of his not being able to make *water*, and asked him what sign it was? "Why," says the doctor, "*thall I speak gravely to you? It is a sign you will soon make earth*."

A certain smatterer in letters, being one day at the Bedford coffee-house, took it into his head to abuse with great freedom all the modern literati, observing that there was very little wit, humour, or learning in the present age. Some time after D. Hayes, well known

known by the name of Count Hayes, came into the room, when a gentleman was telling him how his friend had been abusing the *moderns*. "I have not the least doubt of his ill-nature," says Hayes; "so he would the *antients* too, by G—d, if he knew their names."

A certain judge being some time since on the home circuit, a man was brought before him charged with stealing a silver ladle. In the course of the evidence, the Counsel for the Crown dwelt rather sarcastically upon the prisoner's being an attorney. "O, Sir," says my lord to the Counsel, in a whisper, "do not make the case worse than it is; if the fellow had been an *attorney*, you may depend upon it he would have stolen the *bowl* too."

A lady of wit and gallantry being accompanied in her visit to the two universities by a stupid young nobleman, it was observed by one who knew the parties, how ill her choice was in respect to a conductor. "Not at all," says a gentleman present, "I think it highly in character; *Minerva*, you know, was always accompanied by an *owl*."

A well beneficed old parson being in a large company at a public dinner, he entertained them with nothing else but the situation and profits of his parochial livings, which last he said he kept entirely to himself. The company in general despised him too much to make any remarks on his egotisms; but Quin being of the party, and observing the parson, as he stretched across the table to shew a pair of very dirty, yellow hands, he immediately called out "So so, Doctor, I think you do keep your *glebe* in your own hands."

Some time before the late marquiss of Granby's death, he happened to be at a coffee-house in Scarborough, when he was much solicited by a pedlar

pedlar to buy some tooth-picks. "Well," says the marquis, "what is the price of your tooth-picks?" "A guinea a piece, Sir," says the pedlar. "A guinea a piece!" echoed the marquis. "Why, friend, tooth-picks must be very *scarce* in Scarborough." "No, my lord," says the fellow, (letting him see he knew his rank) "but *marquisses* are."

Upon the death of the late general Armiger, (who unfortunately died the first night of his marriage, in the same *situation* as the celebrated lord Lincoln) a great personage, who was ignorant of this circumstance, was asking several at the levée next day, what could be his disorder, it was so sudden? Many made their *congees*, and said, "They had not heard;" till coming up to lady B——— L———, (since lady B——— T———) "Why, Sire," says she, it is rather an unphysical case; but poor general Armiger died in a *parenthesis*."

The same lady being lately asked by a nobleman at court, Whether there had been any accounts from lord Holderneffe, who had been cut a little before that for a fistula, at Geneva? "O, yes, my lord," says she; "I have the pleasure to tell your lordship he is *fundamentally* cured."

Counsellor C——— being chosen a friendly arbitrator between two near relations, one of whom had a very deservedly bad character, it happened in the warmth of stating their grievances, the one gave the other the lie. "Lie, Sir," says the man with the bad character, "know that is amongst the actions of my life I *dare* not do." "My dear friend," says the counsellor, "do not be in a passion: upon my soul, you have too *mean an opinion of your own courage*."

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Miss C——d being told by Col. G——, of the Guards, how extremely well she looked, replied, "Oh, Sir, I have been quite another thing since I went through your *regiment*."

A gentleman at Mrs. Cornelys', one evening, seeing some wax fall from a chandelier on that part of a lady's dress who sat next him, not a great way from her bosom, immediately took out his watch, and clapped one of the seals upon it: "Bless me, Sir, what are you doing?"—*Only trying to make an impression on you, Madam.*

As a quaker's boy was lighting his master home from a neighbour's with a lanthorn, a fellow snatched it out of his hand, and ran off. The boy being too nimble for him, overtook him, and made a shift to hold him till his master came up.—"Why didst thou take away the young man's lanthorn, friend?" said Aminadab.—*Why, verily,* replied the fellow, mimicking him, *I did take it away because I thought thou badst light enough within to keep thee from stumbling. However, here is thy lanthorn again.*

Mr. Colman one day equally sensibly and wittily remarked, "that the scandal and ill report of some persons was like fuller's earth; it daubs your coat, indeed, for a time—but it soon grows dry; and when it rubs off, your coat is so much the cleaner."

A passionate young Baronet, at the Cocoa-tree, having railed for a considerable time against the Administration, and thrown out some very severe expressions, even against the R. F. concluded with saying, that there was no *liberty* in the land, and that we should soon be a nation of slaves. "Pray, Sir Charles, replied an old gentleman, who sat seemingly intent upon the paper before him—when you say there is no liberty in the land, do you mean *liberty of speech*?"

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A physician who lived in London visited a lady who lived at Chelsea : after continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient to him to come so far on her account. " Oh, madam, replied the doctor, I have another patient in this neighbourhood—and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*"

A gentleman who was not remarkable for being over-sfond of his wife, hearing her cough a good deal one day, said to a friend who let drop some pitying expressions, " Prithee, Tom, never mind her : let her be d—d with her cough ; I hope it will carry her to hell in a fortnight." The lady, who was in an adjoining room, overhearing this *affectionate* speech, immediately rushed into the parlour where it was delivered, and advancing to her husband, told him briskly, " that she had too much of his company in *this world* to wish to have it in *the next.*"

When Queen Elizabeth, in her progress thro' the kingdom, called at Coventry, the Mayor, attended by the Aldermen, addressed her Majesty in rhyme, in the following words :

We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your Royal Majesty ;
Good Lord, how fair you be !

To which her Majesty returned the following gracious answer :

My Royal Majesty
Is very glad to see
Ye men of Coventry :
Good Lord, what fools ye be !

In a second tour through England, soon after the defeat of the Spanish armada, the Queen paid the aforesaid city another visit : Mr. Mayor, on her

her Majesty's departure, among other particulars said, " When the King of Spain attacked your Majesty, egad, *he took the wrong sow by the ear.*" The Queen could not help smiling at the man's simplicity ; which was further heightened, when he begged to have the honour to attend the Queen as far as the gallows, which stood about a mile out of the town.

A lady of fashion sitting at supper with Sir Charles D —, and perceiving him totally absorbed in a *reverie*, took up a glass, and turning to a gentleman who sat next her, drank to all *absent* friends, and particularly to Sir Charles D —.

Three young Cantabs went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly *Old Hock*; one of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of *Hic, Hæc, Hoc* : however, the waiter paid no attention to his command ; and, upon being called again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the *Hock*.—" Really, gentlemen, said he, I thought you had *declined* it."

A certain philosophical humourist being asked his opinion of the discussion of abstruse metaphysical subjects by the younger students of the universities, and particularly of the doctrines of *Liberty* and *Necessity*, on which so much is to be said on both sides, replied, that he thought them, of all others, the most proper of all to be admitted among the *certamina ingenii* ; for *Liberty*, said he, *is the nurse of all great wits, and Necessity the mother of invention.*

A young lady of fashion being asked by a dignified clergyman, on her return from a visit she had paid to an old maiden aunt, what sort of a place

her aunt's residence was; said, *that it was like heaven, where they are neither married, nor given in marriage.*

A gentleman being addressed by a barker to an auctioneer, "Pray, Sir, walk in; why don't you walk in, Sir? What are you *afraid of?*"—"Of being *bit,*" replied he.

Tom Clark of St. John's desired a Fellow of the same College to lend him Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation; the other told him, he could not possibly spare it out of his chambers, but if he pleased, he might come there and read in it all day long. Some time after, the same gentleman sends to Tom, to borrow his bellows; Tom sent him word, *he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and blow all day long, if he would.*

A lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed it was but forty, and called a gentleman who was in company to deliver his opinion. "Cousin, said she, do you believe I am right, when I say I am but forty?" *I'm sure, Madam,* said he, *I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten years.*

A person asked an Irishman, why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards? who answered, *Because there is an hole on the other side.*

The late Beau Nash often played tricks with others, and upon certain occasions received very severe retaliations. Being at York races, and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, upon this proviso, that he would stand at the great door of the Minster in a blanket, as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed; but the Dean coming by, unfortunately knew him. "What, (says the Doctor)

Mr.

Mr. Nash in masquerade?" — "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company—" (quoth Nash) pointing to his companions.

A young lady who was just come out of the country, and affected to dress in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath, as Nash and some of his companions were passing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, 'There's a smart country girl, I will have some discourse with her. Then going up to the lady, "So, child, says he, you are just come to Bath, I see?" "Yes, Sir, answered the lady." "And you have been a good girl in the country, and learned to read your book, I hope." "Yes, Sir." "Pray, now, says he, let me examine you: I know you have read your Bible, and the history of Tobit and his dog; now can you tell me what was the dog's name?" "Yes, Sir, says she; *his name was Nash—and an impudent dog he was.*"

A facetious Canon of Windsor, taking his evening-walk as usual into the town, met one of the Vicars at the Castle-gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous Port. "So, says the Canon, from whence come you?" "I don't know, Mr. Canon, replies the Vicar; *I have been spinning out this afternoon with a few friends.*" — *Ay, and now, says the Canon, you are reeling it home.*

Mr. Thomas Fuller, a man admired for his wit, but whose great fault was, that he would rather lose his friend than his jest, having made some verses upon a scolding wife, Dr. Cousins, his patron and benefactor, hearing them repeated, desired Mr. Fuller to oblige him with a copy of them; to whom he very imprudently, tho' wittily replied, *'Tis needless to give you a copy, doctor, for you have the original.*

L—y C—r being an evidence in a court of justice, and very severely cross-examined by the counsel for the opposite party, was for a short time at a stand to reply to a very uncommon question ; but recovering herself, she set the court in a titter, by saying, *What has been my ruin, Sir, has been your making—I mean impudence, Sir.*

A poor but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which he had a *large* family to maintain, had been under the necessity, through some expensive family sicknesses, &c. of contracting debts with several in the parish, and, being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time for fear of being troubled ; and in short, was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, considering this method of life could not last long, he took courage, and resolved to preach the following Sunday before his parishioners ; when he took his text from the New Testament in these words, *Have patience, and I will pay you all.* He divided his discourse into two general heads, first, *Have patience ; secondly, and I will pay you all.* He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most christian virtue, *patience* ; after which, *And now*, says he, *having done with my first head, viz. Have patience, I come to my second and last general head, which is, And I will pay you all ;—but that I must defer to another opportunity.* This conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him, that they would never trouble him.

An arch boy, belonging to one of the ships of war at Portsmouth, had purchased of his play-fellows a magpye, which he carried to his father's house, and was at the door feeding it, when a gen-

gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had an impediment in his speech, coming up, *T—T—T—Tom*, says the gentleman, *can your mag t—t—talk yet?* *Ay, Sir*, says the boy, *better than you, or I'd wring his head off.*

Two parsons meeting one day near the Chapter coffee-house in Pater-noster-row, and the way being very narrow, the most pragmatical of the two, who was loth to dirty his shoes, said to the other, who was nearest the houses, “*Sir, I never give the way to a coxcomb.*”—“*Sir*, replied the other, moving to the outside of the posts, *I always do.*

A Frenchman, who spoke very broken English, having some words with his wife, endeavoured to call her bitch, but could not recollect the name. At last he thought he had done it, by saying, *Beggar, mine dear, but you be one vile dog's wife.* *Aye, that's true enough*, answered the woman, *the more is my misfortune.*

A gentleman went one wet cold night into an inn, in Oxford; as firing is very dear there, a great many people were in the kitchen, and the fire so surrounded he could not get to warm him. Upon seeing this, he called for the ostler, and bid him fetch half a peck of oysters, and carry to his horse. *Oysters for your horse!* says the fellow, grinning: *What, shells and all!* *Aye, aye*, replied the gentleman, *carry them to him unopen'd.* The fellow fetched the oysters immediately, brought them to the gentleman in the kitchen, and ask'd whether they were really to be carried to his horse: *For*, says he, *I never saw a horse eat oysters in my life.* *No matter for that*, reply'd the gentleman, *carry them to him.* Away he went with the oysters to the horse, attended by all the people in the kitchen. In the mean time the gentleman got a rare warm place in the chimney-corner, which was

what he wanted. He had not been there long ere the ostler, attended by the persons who had left the kitchen, came to acquaint him with a piece of intelligence he knew before. *Why, Sir, says he, I have put the oysters into the manger, and the devil of one of them will your horse touch. Like enough, reply'd the gentleman; why, then, as he is not in the humour to eat them now, do you bring the oysters to me, and give my horse half a peck of corn instead of them.*

It is related of Mr. Addison, who had some impediment in his speech, that at the time of debating the Union Act, in the H—e of C——s, he rose up, and addressing himself to the Speaker said, “ Mr. Speaker, I conceive”—Here he could go no farther; then rising again, he said, “ Mr. Speaker, I conceive”—Still unable to proceed, he sat down again; a third time he arose, and was still unable to say any more than “ Mr. Speaker, I conceive”—when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility than Mr. Secretary, arose, and said, “ Mr. Speaker, I am very sorry to find that the honourable gentleman over the way has *conceived* three times, and brought forth nothing.”

Three young sparks going into a tavern, saw an elderly gentleman sitting by himself. One of them went up to him, and said, *Father Abraham, I am glad to see you.* The second entered the room, and said, *Father Isaac, I hope you are well.* The third followed them, and said, *Father Jacob, shall we drink a glass with you?* The old gentleman looked at them a short time with an air of contempt, and then reply'd, *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob; but Saul, the son of Cis, who was sent to seek his father's asses—and having found them, left them.—* So went out of the room, and shut them in it.

When the Duke's army marched towards Edinburgh

burgh in 1745, some of the troops being quartered at an inn in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the host expressed a great veneration for the military; saying, he thought them the only bulwarks of the nation; and he particularly expressed his regard to one Corporal, to whom he gave an invitation to his house, and begged, upon his return, he would come and fix his laurels for a week at his house; saying, amongst other civil things, that the soldiers were the *pillars* of the state. Some time after, the Corporal having a little spare time upon his hands, and being in that part of the country, he paid a visit to his former host—when he met with a very cold reception. The Corporal, who was not a little nettled at his landlord's behaviour, reminded him, that he should not have troubled him upon this occasion, had he not been so urgently pressed the last time he was that way, and had not his host been so particularly civil to the military, as to say, he looked upon them as the *pillars* of the nation. *That is very true*, replied the host—*but then I meant the caterpillars of the nation.*

A man paying a visit to some friends in the north of Ireland, they made him very welcome, but caused him to drink so exceeding hard, that he wished himself at home again—saying, *he was sure, that if he lived there long, he should soon die.*

Some ladies and gentlemen playing at *What is my thought like?* a lady thought, and asked the question: when a gentleman told her, her thought was like a shrimp. “Pray, Sir, said she, *why is Lord A——n like a shrimp?*” He immediately answered, *Because, madam, his head and tail are good for nothing.*

A philosopher and a wit were crossing from Harwich to Holland, when a high swell rising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehension
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lest he should go to the bottom.—*Why*, observed the wit, *that will suit your genius to a tittle; as for my part, you know I am only for skimming the surface of things.*

A Munster man being on board a man of war, was desired by his mess mate to go down to the steward's room for a can of small beer. Teague perceiving that preparations were then making for sailing immediately, refused to go, saying, *Arrah, by my shoul, and so while I am after going into the cellar to fetch drink for you, the ship will be after sailing, and leave me behind.*

A certain political writer, on the Tory side of the question, in a former reign, being bribed over to the court interest by a pension; one of the party he had deserted, taxed him with the meanness of being a turncoat, and asked his reason for quitting the party for a bribe? To which the author answered, *That he had seven very substantial reasons for it, viz. a wife and six children.*

A gentleman passing over a causeway in the country, which parted two waters, and was not railed on either side to secure passengers from falling, in case of their feet slipping, says to a countryman whom he overtook, *Methinks this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, honest friend: Pray, are not people lost here sometimes? Lost!* answered the fellow, *I never knew any body lost here in my life: there have, indeed, been several drowned, but they are always found again.*

A lady told a simple gentleman, that his wit was pretty. *Why so?* says he. *Because,* says she, *you have so little—and all that's little is pretty.*

A certain clergyman in the west of England being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied to him for the next presentation; upon which
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the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said, he wanted his death. "No, no, doctor, says the other, you quite mistake—it *was* your living I wanted."

A moving sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a-weeping but one man, who being ask'd, why *he* did not weep along with the rest? *Oh!* said he, *I belong to another parish.*

A Fellow of a certain College seeing Tom Brown in a tatter'd garb, said: "Tom, your gown's *grown* too *short* for you." "Ah!" replied Tom, that's true; but it will be *long enough* before I shall get another." This repartee so diverted the Fellow, that he continued laughing till he met with a brother of the same College, who asked him what he laughed at? "Why, says he, at an excellent joke: I just now told Tom Brown his gown was grown too short for him; and he said, it would be a long time before he should have another." "Well, and pray where is the joke in that?" "I don't know, replied he, but I am sure it was a good joke when I heard it."

A Lady ordered a sun-dial to be made, and the maker brought it home with this motto:

"Time rapid flies, embrace it, man;

"Alas! thy life is but a span.

The lady immediately ordered it to be altered thus:

"To us on earth few years belong—

"This life is but nine inches long."

Harry H—w—rd, who was a comical spark, when an apprentice, being for some misdemeanour carried before Justice L—d, who was very crooked; the magistrate asking him, when his master had finished his complaint, whether he had any thing to say in his own vindication? *Yes, replied*

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the youngster, *I could offer a great deal ; but it will signify nothing, for I see you are all of one side.*

The King of France taking Killegrew, the famous jester, into a gallery full of pictures, among the rest, shew'd him the picture of Christ upon the cross, and asked him if he knew who that was ? But Killegrew made himself very ignorant, and answer'd, *No. Why, said the King, I'll tell you, if you don't know ; this is the picture of our Saviour upon the cross, and that on the right side is the Pope's, and that on the left is my own.* Whereupon Killegrew replied, *I humbly thank your Majesty for the information you have given me ; for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.*

When the Earl of Stair was Ambassador in Holland, he was invited to an entertainment by the Abbe de Ville, the French Resident, along with the Austrian Ambassador. The Abbe propos'd a health to the *rising sun*, his master ; alluding to a motto of Lewis XIV. which was pledged by the whole company. The Austrian next, in compliment to his mistress, the Empress Queen, toasted *the moon and fixed stars* ; which was greatly applauded. It then came to the Earl's turn ; and his Lordship, with great presence of mind, drank his master, by the name of *Joshua the son of Nun, who made the sun and moon to stand still.*

A punster going along Holborn when a great mob of spectators was gathered to see a malefactor pass to his execution at Tyburn, asked a genteel person, who was standing in the croud, what was the name of the fellow going to be hanged ? He answered, one Vowel. *Ah!* said the querist, *Do you know which of them it is, Sir ; for there are several of that name?* *No,* returned the other, *I do not.* *Well,* said the wag, *this, however, is certain, and I am very glad of it—that it is neither U nor I.*

Two men going from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller riding softly before them on his sacks, were resolved to abuse him; so they went one on each side, saying, "Come, tell us, miller, art thou more knave or fool!" "Truly, said he, I don't know which I am most; but I believe I am *between both*."

A Braggadocio, in company with Mr. Charles B——, bragged that he had demolished five hundred men with his own hand. Sir, says Charles, *I have killed in my time, let me see—five at Madrid; ten at Lisbon; twenty at Paris; thirty at Vienna; and double the number at the Hague. But at length, coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarce disembarked, before a desperate son of a bitch of an Irishman killed me. Killed you!* says the officer: *damn you, what do you mean by that?* Sir, replies Charles, *I did not dispute your veracity, and why should you question mine?*

A gentleman, remarkably fond of intelligence, meeting a courtier, asked what news? *Why, Sir,* replied he, *there are forty thousand men risen to day. To what end,* said the first, *and what do they intend?* *Why, to go to bed at night,* answered he.

A poor man who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her, if she spoke one crooked word more, he'd beat her brains out: *Why, then, Rams-burns, you rogue,* said she, *if I die for it.*

A certain fop was boasting in company, that he had every *sense* in perfection; *No, by G—d,* said one who stood by, *there is one you are entirely without—and that is common sense.*

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who pretended it was *Linch*—*I see,* said the judge, *the old proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an Inch, has tak'n an L.*

It was said of one who remember'd every thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrowed, *that he had lost half his memory.*

A justice of peace seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him, "Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got? I'll banter him a little." *Doctor*, said he, *you don't follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass.—* *Why, really, Sir,* replied the parson, *the King has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride, if he had a mind to it.*

A gentleman talking of his travels, a lady in company said, She had been a great deal farther, and seen more countries than he. *Nay, then, madam,* replied the gentleman, *as travellers, we may lye together by authority.*

One asked his friend, Why he, being so proper a man himself, had married so small a wife? *Why, friend,* said he, *I thought you had known, that of two evils we should chuse the least.*

A parson, in the country, taking his text in St. Matthew, chap. iii. ver. 14. *And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever,* preached for three Sundays together on the same subject: soon after two country fellows going across the church-yard, and hearing the bell toll, one asked the other, who it was for? *Nay, I can't tell; perhaps,* replied he, *it is for Peter's wife's mother, for she has been sick of a fever these three weeks.*

When the earl of Wharton, who made so eminent a figure in the reign of Queen Anne, was a stripling, in the life of his father, a most formal presbyterian; there being some extraordinary entertainment for some young gentry on the anniversary of this hopeful son's birth, he was ordered by the old Lord to say grace; whereupon, turning
up

up his eyes, and assuming a puritanical countenance, he breathed the following strain :

*I pray God to shorten the days of lord Wharton,
And set his son up in his place;
He'll drink, and he'll whore, and ten thousand
things more,
With as good a fanatical face.*

The pious parent, not hearing what he said, being deafish, but perceiving he had finished, and supposing what he uttered to be what it ought on such an occasion, very innocently gave his assent to it, by an *Amen, I pray God* ; which, to his great surprise, made the whole company burst into laughter.

King Charles the second and the duke of Ormond discoursing of the prettiest women of the several counties, says the king to the duke, *My lord, you have very pretty women in Ireland, but they have great legs.—Oh ! that's nothing, please you, my liege, we lay them aside.*

Sir Charles Wager, as is common with persons who have great personal courage, and but little learning, had a sovereign contempt of physicians ; tho' a surgeon, in some cases, he believed, might be of good service. It happened that Sir Charles was attacked by a fever, while he was out upon a cruize, and the surgeon prevailed upon him to lose a little blood, and suffer a blister to be laid upon his back.—By-and-by it was thought necessary to lay on another blister, and repeat the bleeding ; to which Sir Charles also consented. The symptoms then abated ; and the surgeon told him, that he must now swallow a few boluses, and take a few draughts. *No, doctor, says Sir Charles, you shall batter my bulk as long as you will, but d—n you, you shan't board me.*

One man asked another, how such a person



liv'd these hard times? To which he was answer'd,
*By his wits. I wonder, says the other, how he can
 live upon so small a stock.*

A country attorney appearing in a cause at the
 assizes, some years ago, in very dirty linen, before
 a judge not remarkable for his integrity; Mr.
 Justice took occasion to reprimand him for such a
 contempt of the court: To which the attorney
 very briskly replied, *That although his shirt was
 dirty, his hands were clean.*

The earl of Rochester having supped at a friend's
 house in the city of London, and stayed late, call'd
 a hackney-coach at Temple-bar, and bid the man
 drive to Berkeley-square, where he then lodged;
 the coachman, vexed at so long a fare so late at
 night, grumbled very much; and as he was
 mounting the box, swore that he should be glad to
 drive him to hell. When they arrived at the
 house, Rochester called the fellow into the par-
 lour, and told him of the wicked expression he had
 heard from his mouth, and asked him, what he
 meant by it? The fellow replied, he was rather
 provoked at being obliged to go so far at that time
 of night, and craved his pardon: "But, says
 Rochester, do you consider, you silly rascal, that
 if it were possible for you to drive me into hell,
 you must go in first yourself?" "No, no, master,
 answered the coachman, I could have provided
 against that well enough." "How can that be?"
 says the peer. When the coachman replied,
 "Why, to tell you the truth, *I should have backed
 your honour in.*"

The late General G——, as celebrated for his
bons mots as his bravery, being at a coffee-house
 one morning near St. James's, during the rebel-
 lion in 45, when the Roman Catholics were pro-
 hibited from coming within ten miles of the ca-
 pital, and seeing a Jew standing with his back to
 the

the chimney with the hinder flaps of his coat open'd to the right and left, that the fire, as it was a nipping day, might have more force upon his centre of gravity, *squeezed* out to a friend of his on the other side of the table, "G—d d—n it! What a cursed country is this! A *Few* here may warm his a— where a *Christian* dares not shew his face."

The borough of Hull, in the reign of King Charles the Second, chose Andrew Marvell for their representative, from the opinion they had of his abilities and virtue, tho' he was then but a young gentleman, and of little or no fortune; and they maintained him in London for the service of the Public. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the *then* infamous Administration. Mr. Marvell was, indeed, much inclined to sedition; that is, when the ministers were wicked, he very flatly and plainly told them that they were so. However, the ministry being of opinion that he would be theirs for properly asking, sent his old school-fellow the Lord-treasurer Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting, the Lord-treasurer, out of pure affection, slipped into his hand an order upon the Treasury for a thousand pounds, and then stepped away to his chariot. Mr. Marvell, looking at the paper, called after the Treasurer, "My lord, I request another moment." Danby mounted again to Mr. Marvell's apartment, and Jack, the servant boy, was called. "Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, Sir, you had the little shoullder of mutton you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market?" "Very right, child! What have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, Sir, that you bid me lay by the blade-bone to broil?" "It is so, child; very right—go away."—"My lord, added Mr. Marvell, addressing himself to the Treasurer, do you

hear that ? Andrew's dinner is provided ; there is your piece of paper, I want it not. I know the sort of kindness intended. I live here to serve my constituents : the ministry may seek men for their purpose—I am not one."

A new adept, who boasted of having found the secret of making gold, petitioned Leo X. for a reward. This Pope, a protector of the arts, seemed to acquiesce to his demand ; and the alchymist was full of the hopes of a great fortune. When he returned to solicit his reward, Leo gave him a great empty purse, telling him, *That, as he knew how to make gold, he only wanted a purse to hold it.*

John Basilides, Czar of Muscovy, a proud and cruel prince, had, as some historians relate, a nail driven into the head of an ambassador from a prince in Italy, who was covered in his presence. However, when Jerom Bose, the ambassador of Elizabeth, Queen of England, appeared before him, he boldly put on his hat, and withdrew without making the least motion to take it off. The Czar asked him, If he was ignorant of the treatment another ambassador had received for a like temerity ? "I well know it, answered the Englishman ; but I am the ambassador of a Queen who always keeps her head covered, and does not suffer with impunity an affront to be offered to any of her ministers." The Czar, generous enough to admire this boldness, cried out, turning to his courtiers : "There's a brave man, who dares to behave and speak nobly for the honour and interest of his Sovereign ! Which of you would do the same for me ?"

In 1586, Philip II. King of Spain, had sent the young Constable of Castile to Rome, to felicitate Sixtus V. on his exaltation. This Pope, displeased that so young an ambassador had been deputed to him, could not help saying, "And well, Sir ! Did
your

your master want men, by sending to me an ambassador without a beard?" "If my Sovereign had thought, replied the proud Spaniard, that merit consisted in *a beard*, he would have sent you a *be-goat*, and not a gentleman as I am!"

The late Dr. Stukely one day, by appointment, visiting Sir Isaac Newton, the servant told him, he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but as it was near dinner-time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. After a time dinner was brought in; a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The doctor ate the fowl, and covering up the empty dish, bad them dress their master another. Before that was ready, the great man came down; he apologized for his delay, and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service; I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover; and without any emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile; "See, says he, what we studious people are! I forgot I had dined."

Marshal Turenne happened, one hot day, to be looking out at the window of his anti-chamber, in a white waistcoat and night-cap. A servant entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the under cooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand that was not one of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The Marshal instantly turns about, and the fellow frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master; down he drops upon his knees.—
 "Oh! my lord! I thought it was George."—
 "And suppose it had been George, (repeated the Marshal, rubbing his backside) you ought not to have struck quite so hard."

Prince

Prince *Maurice* of *Nassau* was asked by a lady, *who was the greatest general of the then age?* He, being conscious that himself was the greatest, and being unwilling either to speak in his own praise, or to give to another an honour that was *his* due, would have declined the giving an answer. But the lady insisting, *Madam*, said he, *The Marquis of Spinola is the second.*

An ambassador from the Great Turk to the French king, being present at one of those rough trials of skill called *Tournaments*, so much in use some ages since; and being asked his opinion of it, answered very sensibly, *that it was too much for jest, and too little for earnest.*

In the time of the civil wars of *France*, a certain *Hugonot* lord, of cruel disposition, put several of his prisoners to death, by obliging them to jump down from the top of a high tower. A soldier, whom he had condemned to die in this manner, having advanced twice to the brink of the tower, and drawn back as often, the nobleman, in great fury, swore that, if he did not go down the third time of his advancing, he should be put to a still much crueller death. *Why, Sir*, said the soldier, *as easy a matter as you may think it, I'll hold you a wager that you don't do it even in four times.* This pleasant reply saved his life.

Joe Miller being rallied for having an intrigue with a very homely woman, *Tho' I am not young*, said he, *I have, I thank Heaven, a good constitution, and am not reduced to beauty or brandy, to wet my appetite.*

A young *Grecian* at *Rome*, bearing a great resemblance to *Augustus Cæsar*, the emperor was desirous of seeing him. Among other questions, he asked him if his mother was ever at *Rome*. *No, Sir*, said he, *but my father was.*

A Roman Catholic asked a Protestant, where his religion was before the time of *Luther*. *Did you*

you wash your face this morning? replied the Protestant. *Yes,* answered the other. *Then where was your face,* said the Protestant, *before it was washed?*

Another Protestant being asked the same question by a Catholic, replied, *In the bible, where yours never was.*

I can't conceive, said one English nobleman to another, *how it is that you manage. I am convinced you are not of a temper to spend more than your income: and yet, though your estate is less than mine, I could not afford to live at the rate that you do.—My Lord,* said the other, *I have a place.—A place! you amaze me. I never heard of it till now. Pray, what place? —I am my own steward.*

A country gentleman of no great breeding happened to have a little greyhound bitch with him, one day, when he paid a visit to a lady, to whom he made his addresses. *Dear me!* cried the lady, *What a pretty dog this is!*—*Madam,* said he, *'tis not a dog: 'tis one of your own sex.*

A woman quarrelling with her husband, told him, she believed, if she were to die, he would marry the devil's eldest daughter. *How can that be?* said the husband. *You know the law does not allow a man to marry two sisters.*

A country-fellow, going along London streets, slipp'd down upon his seat. *You see,* said a tradesman standing at his door, *that our London-stones are too proud to bear such a bumkin as you.—Are they?* said the fellow. *As proud as they are, I have made them kiss my a—.*

King Charles II. being at bowls, and having laid a bowl very near the jack, *My soul to a horse-t—,* says he, *nobody beats that.—If you'll lay odds,* says Rochester, *I'll lay you.*

A footman was asked if his master was a regular man in his living. *Very regular,* said he: *for he gets drunk every day exactly at the same hour.*

A METHO-

A

METHODIST SERMON,

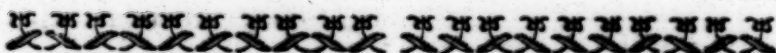
From George Alexander Stevens's Lecture on Heads.

BRETHREN! *Brethren! Brethren!* (The word Brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all *breathe there-in*)—If you are drowzy, I'll *rouze* you: I'll beat a *tat-too* upon the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the *devil* about like a *whirl-a-gig* among you—Even as the cat upon the top of the house doth *squall*; even so from the top of my voice will I *bawl*, and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye; and the *sweet words* that I shall utter—and the *sweet words* that I shall utter, shall sugarcandy over your souls, and make *carraway comfits* of your consciences.—Do you know how many taylor's make a man?—Why, nine—Ninetaylor's make a man.—And how many make half a man?—Why, four journeymen and a 'prentice.—Even so have you all been bound 'prentice to *Miss Fortune* the *fashion-maker*; and now you are out of your times you have set up for yourselves—My *great bowels*, and my *sm—al' guts* groan for you. I have got the gripe of compassion, and the belly-ach of pity.—Give me a dram!—Give me a dram—Do give me a dram—A dram of *patience* I mean, while I explain unto you, what *reformation*, and what *abomination* mean:—which the *worldly wicked* have mixed together like *potatoes* and *butter-milk*, and therewith made a *sinful stir-about*. *Reformation* is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter;—and *Abomination*—is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub.

tub.—Have you carried your consciences to the scourers? Have you bought any fullers earth at my shop to take the stains out?—You say, Yes, you have, you have, you have:—But I say, No; you lie! you lie! you lie!—I am no *velvet-mouth* preacher; I scorn your lawn sleeves.—You are all full of filth: ye must be parboil'd; yea, ye must be boil'd down in our tabernacle, to make portable soup, for the saints to sup a ladleful of: and then the *scum*, and the *scaldings* of your iniquities will *boil over*; and that is called the *kitchen-stuff* of your consciences, that serves to grease the cartwheels that carry us over the *Devil's ditch*, and the *Devil's gap*.—The *Devil's ditch*; that's among the jockeys at Newmarket: and the *Devil's gap*; that's among the other jockeys, the lawyers at Lincoln's-inn-fields.—And then there is the *Devil* among the *taylors*, and the *Devil* among the *players*: the *players*, that play the *Devil to pay*.—The *play-house* is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon the tenter-hooks of temptation—*Tragedy* is the *blank verse* of *Beelzebub*;—*Comedy* is his *hasty-pudding*; and *Pantomime* is the *Devil's country dance*.—And yet, you'll pay the players for seeing plays; yes, yes; but you won't pay me: no, no; till Beelzebub's bumbailiffs lay hold of you; and then you think I will pay your garnish: but I won't. No; you shall lay on the common side of the world; like a toad-in-a-hole, that is bak'd for the Devil's dinner.—Do put some money in the plate—Put some money in the plate; and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away; even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back: and you shall be cleansed from all your sins, as easy as the barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do

Do put some money in the plate,
 Or I, your preacher, cannot eat :
 And 'tis with grief of heart I tell you,
 How much this preaching scours the belly :
 How pinching to the human tripe
 Is Pity's belly-ach, and gripe ;
 But that Religion (lovely maid)
 Keeps a cook's shop to feed the trade.



T H E
 C H A R A C T E R
 O F A
 P R O F O U N D P O L I T I C I A N
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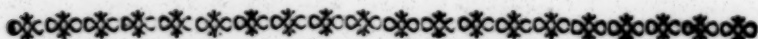
From the Same.

S*IR Full Fed Domine-Double Chin*, citizen, turtle and venison eater, was one of the common-council of Farringdon *within* ; he was a very good sort of a man ; he was half brother to an alderman, and had been deputy of his own ward : his time was taken up in the affairs of the state, and the affairs of the *kitchen*. He loved *politics*, and he loved *venison*. He thought a cook was a great genus, the greatest genus in all the world, except a news writer : he constantly read every *political pamphlet* that was published, and on both sides of the question, and always framed *his* opinion according to the writer he read last ; and according to the humour he happened to be in. He would take his cap and his pipe, and a glass of the righteous (as he called it)

it), and he would be for setting the world to rights on an hurry. “ Ay, Ay, neighbour Costive, all for their own ends now a-days, none loves their own poor country, since Queen Sameramus, and she invented *Solomon-Gundy*, and that’s the best eating in all the wersal world. If I was at the head of affairs, things should not be as they are now; that’s all; they should not indeed. I wou’d shew them another way of a manner of going to work: now I’ll shew you my plan of operations: do you mind me now, mark what I say: suppose then these two or three bits of tobacco-ashes to be the main *land continent*.—*Ve—ry well, Ve—ry well*: and suppose now, neighbour Spriggins, this little drop of punch (well come, here’s the King; God bless him!) suppose this little drop of punch to be the main sea ocean. *Very well, very well*: And suppose these three or four bits of cork to be all our *great men of war*. *Very well*. But what shall I do now for your *fortified places*? Oh! here I have it; he—re I have it! Here’s your *Havannahs*, and your *Pondicherries*, and your *Tilbury Ports*, and your *Tower-ditches*, and all your damn’d strong places: there’s a plan of operations for ye now: A——h! Well, and then our army all should wear a *new uniform*; all our *horse infantry*, d’ye mind me, should wear *air-jackets*; and all *foot cavalry* should wear *cork-waistcoats*; and then, ye know, why they’d be all over the sea before you could say *Jack Robinson*. Well, and where do you think I’d land them? You don’t know; no, you don’t know; how the devil should *you* know? You don’t understand *gometry*. Why, I’ll tell you where I’d land them; I would land them *under the line*, *close* by the *South Pole*; th—ere I’d land them: and then I’d ambuscade all the Spaniards back settlements; and take from them all their (———*Pshaw*——— You know what I mean well enough: all their—

all them damn'd hard names mentioned in the news papers) all their *Mexico's*, and their *Pee-ru's*, and their *Dimont Islands*; and then I'd come with a *circumvendibus* on the Dutch, in flat-bottom'd boats; (because, ye know, that is a flat-bottom'd country) open the *fluices*—let in the water—*drown* all the poor *Dutch*, and then we should have *turtles*, and the *Spice Islands* for *nothing*; and there'd be brave living in Old England."

While our politician was thus going on in his plan, censuring *men* and *measures* he knew *nothing* about; it happening at the time when *our army* lay incamp'd on *one* side of the river, and the French on the *other*; an officer in company, with his stick, gave our politician a rap on the knuckles: What's that for? he—y? Only, Sir, replied the officer coolly, to inform you, that that commander who crosses a river, to attack an enemy in front, may chance to get a rap on the knuckles: that's all.



HUMOROUS EFFECTS occasioned by Cross-Reading the NEWS-PAPERS.

By PAPYRIUS CURSOR.

YESTERDAY Dr. Jones preached at St. James's,
and performed it with ease in less than sixteen minutes.

The sword of state was carried——
before Sir John Fielding, and committed to Newgate.

There was a numerous and brilliant court;
a down-look, and a cast with one eye.

Last night the Princess royal was baptized;
Mary, alias Moll Hacket, alias Black Moll.

This morning the right hon. the speaker——
was convicted of keeping a disorderly house.

This day his majesty will go in state to
fifteen notorious common prostitutes.

Their R. H. the dukes of York and Gloucester
were bound over to their good behaviour.

At

At noon her R. H. the princess dowager was married to Mr. Jenkins, an eminent taylor.

Lord Chatham took his seat in the house of and was severely handled by the populace.

Several Changes are talked of at court; consisting of 9050 triple bob-majors.

Friday a poor blind man fell into a saw-pit, to which he was conducted by Sir Clement Cottrel.

'Tis said that a great opposition is intended: ————Pray stop it, and the party ————

A certain commoner will be created a peer.

* * * No greater reward will be offered.

John Wilkes, Esq. set out for France, being charged with returning from transportation.

Last night a most terrible fire broke out, and the evening concluded with the utmost festivity.

At a very full meeting of common-council the greatest shew of horned cattle this season.

An indictment for murder is preferred against The worshipful company of apothecaries.

Removed to Marybone, for the benefit of the air, The city and liberties of Westminster.

Lately come out of the country the Middlesex hospital, enlarged with a new wing.

Set out on his travels to foreign parts.

beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

The free masons will hold their annual grand lodge N. B. The utmost secrecy may be depended on.

Yesterday the new lord mayor was sworn in, and afterwards tossed and gored several persons.

On Tuesday last an address was presented it happily missed fire, and the villain made off.

When the honour of knighthood was conferred on him, to the great joy of that noble family.

A fine turtle, weighing upwards of eighty pounds, was carried before the sitting alderman.

Sunday a poor woman was suddenly taken in labour, the contents whereof have not yet transpired.

Whereas the said barn was set on fire by an incendiary letter, dropped early in the morning.

The king of Prussia has wrote to our court, " If you dant pote fife powns in a sartin plase."

A number of 5s. 3d. pieces are now coining, to be sold to the poor at 5s. 2 bushel.

This morning will be married the lord viscount
and afterwards hung in chains, pursuant to his sentence.

Escaped from the New Goal, Terence O'Dermot,
if he will return, he will be kindly received.

He was examined before the sitting alderman,
and no questions asked.

To the public, a caution from the police.

There is more reason for this caution than good——

The executors of the late Dr. Ward continue
at the Horse Infirmary near Knightsbridge——

By order of the commissioners for paving,
an infallible remedy for the stone and gravel.

By the king's patent, British herb tobacco,
cureth smoaky chimneys. No cure, no pay.

To be disposed of, greatly under prime cost,
Nothing under full price will be taken.

The creditors of Mary Jones are desired to meet——

I will pay no debts of her contracting.

Any lady desirous of lying in privately,
will be delivered at any part of the town.

Colds caught at this season are
the companion to the playhouse.

Wants a place of all work,
a strong-bodied mare, mistress of sixteen stone.

Wanted an housekeeper to an elderly gentleman,
warranted sound, wind and limb, free from blemish.

Wanted, to take care of an elderly gentlewoman,
an active young man, just come out of the country.

To be let, and entered on immediately,
a young woman, that will put her hand to any thing.

Horses to let, or stand at livery,
now lying at Horfly-down.

Ready to sail for the West-Indies,
The Canterbury flying machine in one day.

To be sold to the best bidder.

My seat in parliament being vacated.

I have long laboured under a complaint
For ready money only.

The Turk's Head bagnio is now opened,
Where may be had, price 5s. in sheets.

To the curious in perukes,
The college of physicians will hold their anniversary.

Notice is hereby given,
and no notice taken.

The same Continued.

By Another Hand.

YESTERDAY the new board of Treasury met,——
and every one present expressed the highest satisfaction.

On Sunday next the court will go into mourning;—
more particulars are expected relating to this black affair;

And in a few days will remove from Richmond—
to the condemned hole where they are to lie.

The sun has been observed *not* to shine for some days—
occasioned by the undue influence of a certain nobleman.

Never was known such mild weather at this season—
owing to the spirited conduct of the Earl of Ch——m.

On Monday the powder mills at Hounslow blew up:—
This report merits confirmation.

Yesterday there was a grand Board of Ordnance;—
the shock of which was felt many miles off.

One of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State—
fell off the shafts, being asleep, and the wheels went over him.

'Tis said the Ministry is to be new modelled—

The repairs of which will cost the public a large sum annually.

This has occasioned a Cabinet Council to be held—
at Betty's fruit-shop in St. James's-street.

Friends of the Favourite will be totally excluded;—
the harvest in the north being almost over.

The M—s of R— will again be at the head of the Administration.
N. B. He can produce a good character from his last place.—

It is now said the expected changes will *not* take place—
owing to the wicked arts of *Engrossers* and *Monopolizers*.

On Tuesday both Houses of Convocation met:—

Books shut, nothing done;

by which means several felons made their escape.—

Same day a terrible fire broke out.

India stock rose to 271.—

and it was some time before it could be got under;

Being St. Patrick's day, the tutelar saint of Ireland,——
the *standing* Committee will *sit* at twelve;

It was observed with the usual demonstrations of joy,—

Whereby much damage was done in the cellars about Westminster,

Yesterday a quantity of new guineas were issued at the Tower:—

Let no one doubt the efficacy of this medicine.

At the above office may be had shares of tickets and chances,—

If there be any yet afflicted with this disease.

We are assured that Lord T——e will accept of a place;—
it operates as an alterative, and produces a wonderful change.

It is said an act will pass next session,——
and will keep good for years, even in the West Indies.

Aged 76, was married to a young girl of eighteen;—
The reason of his committing this rash action is not known.

With every qualification to render the married state happy,——
of no use to any person but the owner.

Last night a gentleman cut his throat from ear to ear :
Razors may be had of a new construction.

On Friday the price of corn at Bear-key fell——
from a scaffold in Cheap-side, and was terribly bruised.

Yesterday a large flock of geese and turkeys——
Was committed to the Poultry Compter for further examination.

We hear that Mr. Wilkes is writing an history of England—
He was convicted of the like offence at the assizes in 1763.

His house was burglariously broke open and robbed—
by virtue of a warrant under the great seal ;

A truly patriotic scheme was moved in an august Assembly ;——
it was extinguished without doing much damage.

Yesterday a man was indicted for committing a rape,——
and upon trial the scheme was found to be impracticable.

It is said that A—n B—d will ~~not~~ go to the south of France,——
another wild beast having appeared in the Gevaudan.

Yesterday ended the sessions at the Old Bailey,
of the utmost use in peopling our new colonies.

At this sessions there were ordered to be branded.——
* * * None are genuine but such as have this mark.

On Monday died universally lamented,——
and there were great rejoicings on this happy occasion.

To the curious in bacon.——
He was reckoned the fattest man in England next to Mr. Bright.

We hear a treaty of marriage is concluded——
for 20l. a side, between the noted Dyer and the famous Nailor.

The ceremony was performed at St. James's church,——
and they instantly made off across the heath ;

An agreeable young lady with a fortune of 10,000l.——
This is inserted as a caution to those who are fond of bargains.

The Mansion-house being newly repaired and beautified,——
Patrick Gahagan was confined in one of the cells.

Yesterday on the parade a soldier received 500 lashes ;——
Apply as above, and you shall have the same reward.

To be disposed of by private contract,——
in the room of the late member created a Peer :

His Lordship arrived from abroad in perfect health,——
To the great grief of that noble family.

It is thought the election will be warmly contested,——
in order to preserve unanimity in the county.

India stock fell yesterday 2 one half, ——
The proprietors being content with a moderate profit.

Lost or mislaid by carelessness, ——
an opportunity of getting 20 per cent.

Yesterday an old house fell down in St. Giles's; ——
A total wreck, but the crew are saved.

On Sunday next a charity sermon will be preached, ——
And great quantities of beer given to the populace.

Eloped from her husband, Mary the wife of Simon, ——
A light dun, with a black mane and tail.

An academy is opened for the instruction of youth ——
In order that none may pretend ignorance.

The Pope's letter to the Most Christian King concludes thus: ——
" I am your humble servant, Coriolanus Copplestone."

He has just opened a house for inoculation; ——
N. B. Be careful to have the right sort.

My daughter is effectually cured, by the use of ——
Sermons for Young Women, in 2 vols, duodecimo.

To be lett, an house pleasantly situated ——
removed from over the way.

The late copartnership is dissolved ——
between the hours of twelve and three.

Whereas it often happens that people are in want of money ——
500l. are ready to be given to any lady or gentleman.

Wanted, a genteel place under the government; ——
It is of singular use to those who are to speak in public.

Miss Trufler continues to make the rich seed cakes, ——
for preventing the decays of age, and lengthening human life;

Genteel places in any of the public offices, ——
so much admired by the nobility and gentry.

The author of *Papyrus Cursor* was taken into custody, ——
and the Jury brought in their verdict *Chance Medley*.

To the EDITOR of YORICK'S JESTS.

SIR,

A GREAT variety of names and phrases, most of them whimsical and ludicrous, have been contrived to veil the turpitude of DRUNKENNESS—a vice pleasing in itself, and generally connected with reciprocations, if not of friendship, yet of the lesser duties and endearments of Society.

I believe, few people are aware how far this has been carried---or have any notion, that the simple idea of having drank too much liquor, is expressed in near fourscore different ways. I send you a list of them, for the amusement of your Readers.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

T. NORWORTH.

To express the Condition of an Honest Fellow, and No Flincher, under the Effects of Good Fellowship, it is said that he is

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 Drunk | expression of a great Genius, |
| 2 Intoxicated | who is at present Porter to |
| 3 Fuddled | U——y C——ge, O——d. |
| 4 Flustered | 20 Hot-headed |
| 5 Rocky | 21 Fou |
| 6 Tipsey | 22 Pot-valiant |
| 7 Merry | 23 Maudlin——From Magdalen |
| 8 Half seas over | the Penitent, who is always |
| 9 As great as a lord | represented weeping, in which |
| 10 In for it | he is resembled by those "who |
| 11 Happy | "drink till the liquor flows |
| 12 Bouzey | "out of their eyes." |
| 13 Top-heavy | 24 A little how came ye so? |
| 14 Chuck-full | 25 Groggy——This is a West-In- |
| 15 Hocky | dian phrase; rum and water |
| 16 Hiccus——Probably from | without sugar being called |
| hiccuping | Grogg |
| 17 Crop-sick | 26 In drink |
| 18 Cup-stricken | 27 In his cups |
| 19 Cup-sprung——This is said | 28 In his beer |
| to be the favourite state and | 29 Crank——This is a sea-phrase |
| | —A |

- A ship is said to be crank, when by excess of lading, or some other cause, she is liable to be overset
- 30 Cut
- 31 Cheary
- 32 Cherry merry
- 33 Overtaken
- 34 Elevated
- 35 Forward
- 36 Crooked
- 37 Cast away—A sea phrase for being dead drunk
- 38 Concerned
- 39 Bosky
- 40 In his altitudes
- 41 Tipperary—Probably from being likely to tip, or fall down
- 42 Topsy frizy
- 43 Exhilarated
- 44 On a merry pin
- 45 Half cocked
- 46 A little in the fuds
- 47 As wise as Solomon—
It is also said, that he has
- 48 Business on both sides of the way
- 49 Got his little hat on
- 50 Bunged his eye
- 51 Got a drop in his eye
- 52 Been in the sun
- 53 Soaked his face
- 54 Come home by the Villages--
This is provincial. When a man comes home by the fields, he meets nobody—consequently is sober: when he comes home by the villages, he calls first at one house, then at another, and drinks at all
- 55 Got a spur in his head.—This is said by Brother-jockies of each other
- 56 Got a crumb in his beard
- 57 Had a little
- 58 Had enough
- 59 Got more than he can carry
- 60 Got his beer on board
- 61 Got glass eyes
- 62 Been among the Philistines
—A pun upon the word Fill
- 63 Lost his legs
- 64 Been in a storm—This is a sea-phrase for being less than dead drunk
- 65 Been in the Crown Office—
A pun upon the word Crown, used for the Head
- 66 Got his night-cap on
- 67 Got his skin full
- 68 Got his dose
- 69 Had a cup too much.
- Besides these modes of expressing drunkenness by what a man is, what he has, and what he has had, the following express it by what he does.
- 70 Clips the King's English—
i. e. Does not speak plain
- 71 Sees double
- 72 Reels
- 73 Heels and sets—A sea-phrase used of a boat in a rough sea
- 74 Heels a little
- 75 Shews his hob-nails—This is a provincial phrase for being so drunk as not to be able to stand, so that the nails at the bottom of the shoe are seen
- 76 Looks as if he could not help it
- 77 Crooks his elbow
- 78 Goes over the tops of trees—
This is provincial, and alludes to the very unequal pace of a drunken man, like that of stepping from a high tree to a low one, and from a low to a high one
- To these must be added—one phrase that expresses drunkenness by what a man cannot do. It is said by the sons of Science at Oxford, of a man in ebrious circumstances,
- 79 That he cannot sport a right line.
- I shall not mention the additions that have been made by way of illustration to several of the terms in this List—although, taken together, they may be consi-

considered as separate phrases :
among these are—

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 As drunk as a Devil | 4 As drunk as David's Sow |
| 2 As drunk as a Piper | 5 As drunk as a Lord |
| 3 As drunk as an Owl | 6 As fuddled as an Ape |
| | 7 As merry as a Grigg |
| | 8 As happy as a King. |

The COURT of MOMUS.

The ODD FELLOW.

THERE was an old man, and tho' 'tis not
common,
Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman ;
And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry he long'd for some meat ;
And, if he could get it, 'tis said he would eat :
When thirsty he'd drink, if you gave him the pot,
And his liquor most commonly ran down his
throat.

He seldom or never could see without light ;
And yet I've been told he could hear in the night :
He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis said,
And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
talk'd ;
And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when
he walk'd,
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him, you'd
burst,
For one leg or t'other would always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen ;
For if 'twas not wash'd, 'twas seldom quite clean.
He

He shew'd most of his teeth, when he happen'd to
grin,
And his mouth stood a-cross 'twixt his nose and
his chin.

If this whimsical chap had a river to pass,
If he could not get over he'd stay where he was ;
And tho' he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
Yet so great was his luck, that he never was
drown'd.

Among other strange things that befel this poor
yeoman,
He was married, poor soul, and his wife was—a
woman ;
And if not by that liar (Miss Fame) we're be-
guil'd,
We may rightly affirm, he was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks said, he was not very well :
But what was more strange, in so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, he could get no phy-
sician.

What wonder, he dy'd ! yet 'tis said that his
death
Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath :
But, peace to his bones, that in ashes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

THE DESPAIRING MUSICIAN :

A N O D E.

FROM GERARD'S POEMS.

UNABLE to *descant* in *tunable* rhyme,
My spirits *unstrung*, and my pulse out of
time ;

Of no crotchet of note my *slow* heart is posselt,
Each jollity *pauses*, each fancy's at rest.

Unnatural Fate, too discordant by far,
On all my gay *lessons* has doubled the bar.
Still *sharply* repeats it, denies me repose ;
And *slurs* all my *measure*, and *varies* my woes.

When I bid her *move slow*, then she *jigs* it away,
And *basely* acts counter to all I can say ;
While raging I *shake* with a *treble* vexation,
And *A---mi* is the *tenor* of each lamentation.

My ideas turn'd *grave*, *dance* in concert no more,
Or *beat* to those *movements* no time can restore ;
Yon *cliff* will I *scale* that o'erlooks the *flat* plain,
Where a strong *chord* shall end me, and with the
first strain.

Martial, Lib. IV. Ep. 78. 6. by Dr. HOADLEY.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes her man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne :
A silver service loads the board ;
Of eatables a slender hoard.
“ Your pride, and not your victuals, spare !
“ I came to dine, and not to stare.”

Lib. vii. Ep. 75. by the Same.

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
To rule their roast, and sinack their wine ;
Or take thee to their country seat,
To make their dogs, or ble^d the meat—
Ah ! dream not on preferment soon—
Thou'rt not their friend—but their buffoon.

E P I G R A M.

WHEN, in the dark, on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting syren, in thy tongue ;
What

What flames, what darts, what anguish, I endur'd;
But, when the candle enter'd—I was cur'd.

A Character of an old Rake.

SCORN'D by the wise, detested by the good;
Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
Proud, without spirit; vain, without desert:
Affecting passions vice has long subdu'd;
Desp'rately gay—and impotently lewd:
And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
For eminence in folly, deem'd a wit.

A smart Repartee.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be given,
(Since marriage is a holy thing)
That there are none in heaven?
There are no women, he reply'd!--
She quick returns the jest--
Women there are, but I'm afraid,
They cannot find a priest.

The Fate of Artifice.

IN church the pray'r-book and the fan display'd;
And solemn curtsies, shew the wily maid;
At plays, the leering looks and wanton airs,
And nods, and smiles, are fondly meant for snares:
Alas! vain charmer, you no lover get,
There you seem hypocrite, and here coquet.

The Female Prattler.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You scold, repeat, and sing and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.
Forbear, my Fannia! Oh, forbear,
If your own health or our's you prize;

L

For

For all mankind that hear you, swear,
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd ;
All are distracted while they gaze,
But, if they listen, they are cur'd.

Your silence would require more praise,
Than all you say, or all you write ;
One look ten thousand charms displays,
Then hush!—and be an angel quite.

A Compliment to the Ladies.

WE men have many faults,
Poor women have but two :—
There's nothing good they say ;
There's nothing good they do.

The Greek paraphrased.

IF the quick spirit, Delia, in your eye,
Ere long will languish, and must one day die ;
If every beauty, every youthful grace,
Must surely fly from that forsaken face ;
Then let us, lovely charmer, reap our joys,
Ere cruel time such goodly fruit destroys.

But, if those jetty locks must ever grow,
Nor e'er be whiten'd o'er with age's snow ;
If those bright suns, thy eyes, must know no shade,
And thy now blooming beauties never fade ;
Then scruple not, my Delia, to bestow
What freely gather'd, shall as freely grow.

Thus, nymph, whate'er th' effects of time may
prove,
They furnish motives strong for present love.

Constancy.

TRUE constancy no time, no pow'r can move ;
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.

The

The Folly of Love.

DID love, like a vesper, ever intermit,
How should we blush, in absence of the fit

Jealousy.

THE shaken tree grows faster at the root;
And love grows firmer for sure blasts of doubt.

The Amorous Contest.

MY love and I for kisses play'd;
She would keep stakes; I was content:
But when I won, she would be paid;
I, angry, ask'd her, what she meant?
Nay, since, says she, you wrangle thus in vain,
Give me my kisses back; take yours again!

By Mr. N—g—t.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you:
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

Against Life:—From the Greek of POSIDIPPUS.

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
Can mortals chuse thro' human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar——
There discord reigns, and endless jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrors sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store;
Need and distress await the poor:
Sad care the bands of Hymen give;
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarry'd live:
Are children born? we anxious groan;
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage;
Weakness and wants depress old-age.

Would Fate then with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

SOLON's septennial Division of Time.

THE *seven* first years of life, man's break of day,
Gleams of short sense a dawn of thought display;
When *fourteen* springs have bloom'd his downy
cheek,

His soft and bashful meanings learn to speak :
From *twenty-one* proud manhood takes its date ;
Yet is not strength complete till *twenty-eight* :
'Thence, to his *five-and thirtieth*, life's gay fire
Sparkles, burns bright, and flames in fierce desire :
At *forty-two* his eyes grave wisdom wear,
And the dark future dims him o'er with care :
With *forty-nine* behold his toils increase,
And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace :
At *fifty-six* cool reason reigns intire,
'Then life burns steady, and with temp'rate fire :
But *sixy three* unbends the body's strength,
Ere th' unwearied mind has run her length :
And when, from *seventy*, age surveys her last,
'Tir'd, she stops short, and wishes all were past.

*To the Dean of L———d, on his observing that
the Men of this Age are averse to Matrimony.*

By a young Lady.

YOU tell us, with a serious air,
What we without a sigh can hear.
You say, your sex no longer deign
To pay their vows at Hymen's fane :
E'en let them take their final leave,
For little cause have *we* to grieve :
What does our sex by marriage gain ?
A plenteous share of care and pain.
Soon as we give our hand away,
And utter that dread word *obey*,

Fair

Fair Freedom instant takes its flight;
 We bid adieu to each delight:
 For, tho' we chance to wed a fool,
 As husband, he'll expect to rule;
 Will think he's sense enough to guide;
 For all men have their share of pride.—
 Good-nature and good sense are seen
 But seldom to unite in men:
 In some I own, some few they join;
 In thee conspicuously they shine!
 But, of mankind, how small a part
 Possess so good, so great a heart!
 The nymph who in Love's lott'ry tries,
 Stands a poor chance—to gain a prize;
 The best, when got, alas how small!
 Though for that prize we hazard all.

*To a young Lady on her Birth-Day being the first of
 April.*

LET others write with vain designs,
 I seek some moral in my lines,
 Which whosoever reads must bear,
 Or great, or learn'd, or young, or fair;
 Permit me then, with friendly lay,
 To moralise your *April*-day.

Checquer'd your natal month appears
 With sunny gleams and cloudy tears;
 'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,
 Its frowns as transient as it smiles;
 Nor pain nor pleasure long will stay,
 For life is but an *April*-day.

Health will not always last in bloom,
 But age or sickness surely come;
 Are friends belov'd? Why, Fate must seize
 Or these from you, or you from these:
 Forget not earnest in your play,
 For youth is but an *April*-day.

When piety and fortune move
Your heart to try the bands of love,
As far as duty gives you pow'r,
Guiltless, enjoy the present hour :
Gather your rose-buds while you may,
For love is but an *April-day*.

True Riches.

RICHES chance may take or give ;
Beauty lives a day, and dies ;
Honour lulls us while we live ;
Mirth's a cheat, and Pleasure flies.

Is then nothing worth our care ?
Time, and chance, and death our foes ;
If our joys so fleeting are,
Are we only ty'd to woes ?

Let bright Virtue answer, No ;
Her eternal pow'rs prevail,
When honours, riches cease to flow,
And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail.

Written in an Inn :—By Mr. SHENSTONE.

WHOE'ER has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his various tour has been,
May sigh to think how oft he found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

On a fat Doctor.

When *Tadloe* treads the streets, the paviours cry,
“ God bless you, Sir”—and lay their rammers by.

On a great house adorned with Statues.

THE walls are thick, the servants thin,
The gods without, the devil within.

Courage misplaced.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life :

Tom's

Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the
rabble;

Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice :
But *Tom* is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning :
Three duels he fought, thrice he ventur'd his life,
Went home, and—was cudgell'd again by his wife.

The Incurious.

THREE years in London *Bobadil* had been,
Yet not the *lions* nor the *tombs* had seen :
I cannot tell the cause without a smile ;—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

The Musical Contest.—By SWIFT.

SOME say that signior *Bononcini*,
Compar'd to *Handel*, is a mere ninny :
Others aver, that to him, *Handel*
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange ! that such difference should be
'Twixt *Tweddledum* and *Tweddledee* !

On an Undertaker.

Subdu'd by Death, here Death's great herald lies,
And adds a trophy to his victories ;
Yet sure he was prepar'd who, while he'd breath,
Made it his business still to look for Death.

On an Old Maid.

BENEATH this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.
Whither she's gone we cannot tell ;
For, if she talks not, she's in hell ;

If

If she's in heav'n, she's there unblest'd;
Because she hates a place of rest.

On a Man and his Wife, buried in the same Tomb.

HERE sleep, whom neither life nor love,
Nor friendship's strictest tie,
Could in such close embrace as thou,
Thou faithful grave, ally.—

Preserve them, each dissolv'd in each,
For bands of love divine;
For union only more complete,
Thou faithful grave, than thine.

The Impudence of Wealth.

BUFO, whose pride disdains to give attention,
Still asks you things above his comprehension;
But, ere you speak, his thoughts are on himself;
His dress, his dinner, or his paltry pelf.
One day, quoth he, "What signifies your learning?
" Does Greek or Latin make one more discerning?
" For all your classics I'd not give one groat;
" Who's e'er the richer, pray, for all they wrote?
" If books, then, neither make men rich or wiser,
" Your man of learning is the greatest miser;
" Whose studies, day and night, his thoughts
employ,
" To heap up stores, which he can ne'er enjoy."

Your premisses are odd, I told the man, Sir,
But you'll not *listen* to a proper answer:
Yet, if your inference from thence be true,
A scholar is as great a fool—as you.

Snip-Snap, or Town-Life and Country-Life.

T. How dull's a country life! sage *Bufo* cries.

C. Dull as your life in town, his friend replies.

T. How *can* you bear the same things o'er and o'er?

C. Yet what can Bath or London, pray, give more?

T. You

T. You eat and drink, and stroll about your fields ;
 C. Such are the joys, your favourite town-life yields :
 Yet, whilst our fields are green, our flow'rs are
 sweet,

You breathe in smoke—and tread the dusty street.

T. To shift the scene, we've various public places ;—

C. Yet still you meet the same dull busy faces.

T. Then fresh and fresh we read the daily news ;—

C. Content, some weekly journal I peruse.

T. Can you the rooms, cards, company resign ?

C. Yes ; for health, ease, good air, and wholesome
 wine.

T. But you've no neighbours.—C. Yes, we have a
 few ;

And then—we're seldom plagu'd with folks like you.

Sent in a Snuff-box.

THINK, and some useful lessons 'twill impart,
 Think, when you open it, you ope my heart ;
 Think, when you see this present from your
 lover,

Yourself's the *bottom*, and that I'm the *cover*.

*Wrote by a Boy on his Sister's breaking a Drinking-
 glass.*

SEE, Sister, in this shatter'd glass,
 The fate of many a pretty lass :
 Woman, like glass, is frail and weak,
 Is apt to slip, is apt to break :
 Therefore guide every step with caution,
 For just like glass is reputation ;
 Both broke to pieces in once falling,
 For ever lost, and past recalling.

EPIGRAM. *By an old Bachelor.*

THE *Have-Wives* and *Lack-Wive*, by century
 write,

The one—because bitten, the other to bite.

From

From whence we infer the best rule to be given,
To live here on earth as the saints do in heaven.

An Answer, by a young Bachelor.

SINCE your temper's so sour, and so cold your
complexion,
That the charms of the Fair cannot win your af-
fection ;
Live faint-like on earth still, nor fear to be told,
He can never be young, who always was old.
But by your good leave, sir, my rule too's one
line,
You may be your own carver, but shall not be
mine.

E P I G R A M.

IF what the Bard * asserts for truth we take,
" That *every woman is at heart a rake,*"
'Tis custom only, not a virtuous cast,
Makes maids so shy, or keeps our wives so chaste ;
And since all men would fain secure *that same,*
Who can the Turk or the Italian blame ?

* MR. POPE.

A N S W E R E D.

THO' Padlocks and Seraglios safe-guards are,
True love, well fix'd, surpasses both by far :
Those may secure you a cold lifeless dame,
While this brings with the Fair an equal flame :
Scorning the Italian, then, and Turk's low arts,
Nought regales Britons, but the ladies *bearts*.

FEMALE RIGHTS : *or, a Plea for the Ladies to sit
in Parliament.*

ONCE the House was debating in warm party
raillery,
While a number of *ladies* were plac'd in the gal-
lery,

All

All curious to know the *great things* of the nation;
When a surly old knight made this blunt exclamation :

*Let the ladies withdraw, we have matters in motion,
Of which ought no female to have the least notion !
A brother, more kind to the sex, strait return'd,
No need for the Fair to be rudely adjourn'd,
Since they are (not to stir up Contention's hot embers)
If not Members for Boroughs, yet Boroughs for
Members.*

A RECEIPT to make an EPIGRAM :

By the Right Hon. the late Lord HERVEY.

A Pleasing subject first with care provide ;
Your matter must with Nature be supply'd ;
Nervous your diction, be your measure long,
Nor fear your verse too stiff, if sense be strong.
In proper places proper numbers use,
And now the quicker, now the slower chuse ;
Too soon the dactyl the performance ends,
But the slow spondee coming thoughts suspends ;
Your last attention on the ring bestow,
To that your good or ill success you'll owe ;
For there not wit alone must shine, but humour
flow. }

Observing these, your Epigram's compleated ;
Nor fear 'twill tire, tho' seven times repeated.

MENS MULIEBRIS.

NATURE to all does kind provision make,
And what men want in head they have in back ;
Then who can disapprove the Fair Ones rules,
Who talk with *men of sense*, but kiss with *fools* ?

A S I M I L E.

WOMEN to Cards may be compar'd ; we play
A round or two ; when us'd, we throw away ;
Take

Take a fresh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts and shuffles with the dirty leaving.

EPITAPH *on a WIFE.*

HERE lies my poor wife without bed or blanket,
But dead as any door-nail, God be thanked.

On a PRIZE-FIGHTER.

HIS thrusts like lightning flew, yet subtle Death
Parried them all, and beat him out of breath.

On CHLOE.

PRITHEE is not Miss Chloe's a comical case?
She lends out her tail, and she borrows a face.

On TIMOTHY MUM, a Tapster.

HERE Tim the tapster lies, who drew good
beer,

But now, *drawn* to his end, he *draws* no more;
Yet, still he *draws* from ev'ry friend a tear,
Water he *draws*, who *drew* good beer before.

On a MISER.

READER, beware immoderate love of self;
Here lies the worst of thieves, who robb'd himself.

On a famous Toast at OXFORD.

ONE single stone now keeps poor Kitty down,
Who when alive mov'd half the stones in town.

A Declaration of Love.

YOU I love, nor think I joke,
More than ivy does the oak;
More than fishes do the flood;
More than savage beasts the wood;
More than merchants do their gain;
More than misers to complain;
More than widows do their weeds;
More than friars do their beads;

More

More than Cynthia to be prais'd ;
 More than courtiers to be rais'd ;
 More than brides the wedding night ;
 More than soldiers do a fight ;
 More than lawyers do the bar ;
 More than 'prentice boys a fair ;
 More than toppers t'other bottle ;
 More than women tittle-tattle ;
 More than rakes a willing lady ;
 More than Nancy does her baby ;
 More than jaylors do a fee ;
 More than all things I love thee.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
 Adorn'd with charms and beauty, not her own,
 Where Hogarth, pitying Nature, kindly made
 Such lips, such eyes, as Chloe never had ;
 " Ye Gods ! she cries, in extasy of heart,
 " How near can Nature be express'd by Art !
 " Well ! it is wond'rous like !—Nay, let me die,
 " The very pouting lip—the killing eye !"
 Blunt and severe, as Manly in the play,
 Downright replies,—“ Like, madam, do you say !
 “ The picture bears this likeness, it is true,
 “ The canvas painted is, and so are you.”

W O M A N.

A Woman is a *book*, and often found
 To prove far better in the *sheets*, than *bound* ;
 No wonder, then, some students take delight,
 Above all things, to *study in the night*.

On Cold.

THE *Latin* word for *cold*, one ask'd his friend ;
 It is, said he,—’tis *at my fingers ends*.

M R I D D L E S.

R I D D L E S.

1. HE who begot me did conceive me too :
 Within one month to a man's height I grew :
 And should I to an hundred years remain,
 I to my stature not one inch should gain.
 Numbers of Brethren I have here on earth ;
 And all like me of this surprizing birth.
 Some curious garments do their limbs adorn, }
 And some as naked are as they were born, }
 Yet both alike are cold, alike are warm.
 Some want an eye, and others have no feet,
 Some have no arms, others no legs ; and yet
 Most men esteem them equally with me,
 Tho' I in all my limbs unblemish'd be.
 To sum up all as briefly as I can,
 I am man's *offspring*, tho' I'm not a man.

2. AT two days old good *Latin* I speak,
 Tho' for it I ne'er went to school :
Arms I have four, which come out of my back,
 And in yellow am dress'd like a fool.
 All men do me seek, tho' few can me get,
 When caught I'm confin'd like a fish in a net.

3. OF different parts I'm made ; one part of
 me
 Comes from a worm, the other from a tree ;
 I am of different sizes, yet 'tis strange,
 My shape and my complexion never change ;
 My stations various are, some fine, some fair,
 But others filthy and offensive are ;
 Yet once in either fix'd I constant prove,
 And rarely without violence I move,
 Unless time makes me drop from what I love. }

4. I

4. I View the world in little space,
Am always restless, changing place :
No food I eat, but by my power
Procure what millions do devour.

5. THERE is a thing, which in the light
Is seldom used, but in the night
It serves the maiden female crew,
The ladies and the good wives too :
They use to take it in their hand,
And then it will uprightly stand ;
And to a hole they it apply,
Where by its good-will it would die.
It spends, goes out, and still within
It leaves its moisture thick and thin.

6. OF mirth the parent, and the child of art,
A stranger to myself in every part,
East-India has a native in my breast,
The West my softness, and my fire the East :
While kinder climes, my virtues to compleat,
Quicken my mildness to correct my heat.
Thus perfect, yet humility I show,
The more I am admired the less I grow ;
My faithful friends upon my ruin thrive,
And see me dying as they grow alive.

7. OR e'er bright Sol display'd his genial flame,
I was created, and I had a name :
Aided by me, Adam with wond'ring eyes
Beheld th' amazing scenes of Paradise,
Flowers, plants, and trees, in grateful order rise ;
By me, forsooth, all Nature seems to mourn,
But meets with chearful smiles my glad return.
Tho' made at first by the Almighty free,
Kings have presum'd to lay a tax on me :
Thro' all the world alternately I rove,
Thro' ev'ry city, town, or field, or grove ;

M 2

The

The fair, without me, would lose ev'ry grace,
 Nor would one lover gaze upon her face :
 Yet, soon as e'er the wish'd-for knot is ty'd,
 I strait grow tiresome to th' ungrateful bride.

8. IN shaping me both sexes join,
 Who must in fit embraces twine,
 And grow with mutual motions warm,
 Ere they complete my mystic form ;
 I please (tho' from the country sprung)
 The city and the courtly throng ;
 I oft promote the balmy kiss,
 And music heightens much the bliss.
 By me engag'd you ne'er can dose,
 Yet I procure the soft repose,
 And (which increases more your mirth)
 Both sexes labour at my birth.

9. READER, it is my fate to be
 A slave to one who wears my livery,
 A person of vile character ; in brief,
 A noted sabbath-breaker and a thief.
 In saucy manner he has often said,
 He once did entertain a crowned head.
 No wonder, then, you hear him oft complain,
 Whilst I'm at work the rascal to maintain.
 He takes his pleasures, and he lolls at ease,
 But takes due care my labour shall not cease ;
 With endless tasks he keeps me still employ'd,
 As if my strength could never be destroy'd.
 But constant toils disorders inward breed,
 And wear my constitution out with speed ;
 My bowels (sure prognostic of decay !)
 With wind or water rumble night and day :
 My thirst is sometimes so intense, that I
 (You'd almost swear) would drink a river dry.
 And what is more remarkable, is this,
 As often as I drink, so oft I piss.

And

And tho' I make large meals, I'm never sick
At stomach, my discharges are so quick.
Then what is my disease, perhaps you'll query,
A diabetes, or a dysentery ;
Alas ! too sure, 'tis both in complication ;
My drink runs thro' me without alteration.
And what I eat it does me little good,
For why ? My excrements are perfect food.
And therefore 'tis become a common rule,
To watch me well whene'er I go to stool.

10. I have not to boast of much humour or wit ;
The thing that I'm priz'd for, is mostly a *split*.
I'm black at the bottom ; but if you look higher,
I'm as *white* and as *smooth* as a man can desire.
To the lovers soft passion I often give ease,
Who wriggle me up and down just as they please.
By turns I every *man's* humour can suit,
The king, lords, and commons, and bishops to
boot,
Who finger me stoutly whene'er they come to 't.
At first tho' perhaps for one's use I was made ;
Yet if more should try me they'd find me no jade.
I cut a great figure throughout the whole nation,
And give all your hearts in their turns palpitation.

11. THO' I never was born, yet came I by
 smocking,
And like all mankind, ~~was~~ engendered by knocking.
I'm the emblem of chastity, yet in all nations
I'm sometimes employ'd to promote fornications.
The nuns of new Rome, as the vestals of old,
(Tho' snow is not whiter than me to behold)
As a proof of that Capital's great dissolution,
Lend their hands without shame, to procure my
 pollution.
But with fingers alone I can't be contented ;
An instrument longer by Nature's invented.

Which opens at one end and's frizzled at t'other;
 With matter and motion oft makes me a mother.
 For when thus comprefs'd, I'm sure to be pregnant,
 And my offspring exceeds that of Muley *, late
 regnant.

All places alike I've explor'd ; and have been
 At once in a bog-house and hands of a queen.
 I visit folks often when least they're expecting ;
 E'en since you've been reading these lines, and re-
 flecting.

What a strange thing I am, I've encreas'd your
 vexation,
 And perplex'd, by my presence, your deep con-
 templation.

12. WHAT's that in which good housewives
 take delight ?

Which tho' it has no legs, will stand upright ?
 'Tis often us'd, both sexes must agree,
 Beneath the navel, yet above the knee.
 At th' end it has a hole ; 'tis stiff, and strong,
 Thick as a maiden's wrist, and pretty long.
 To a soft place 'tis very oft apply'd,
 And makes the thing 'tis us'd to still more wide ;
 The women love to wriggle it to and fro,
 That what lies under may the wider grow.
 By giddy sluts sometimes it is abus'd,
 But by good housewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,
 That it may fitter for their purpose be,
 When they to occupy the same are free.
 Now tell me, merry ladies, if you can,
 What this must be, that is no part of man.

13. FROM heav'n at first with Lucifer I fell,
 But left him in his passage down to hell ;

* Muley Moloch, Emperor of Morocco, who is said to have
 had sixty five children.

Man entertain'd and lodg'd me in his breast,
 And none without me can have ease or rest.
 I am the staff of age, the sick man's health,
 The pris'ner's freedom, and the poor man's wealth;
 And tho' some call me false, and others vain,
 I lead the way to what all seek again:
 No man without me wou'd a mistress court,
 Nor cross the seas unto a foreign port:
 I've told you what I am, and whence I came.
 Now tell me, if you can, what is my name.

14. WITHOUT edge it cuts, without tongue
 it sings;
 Foams without anger, and flies without wings.

15. My *master* often lies with me,
 His *wife* I oft' enjoy;
 Yet she's no *whore*, no *cuckold* he,
 And true to both am I.

My cloaths nor women fit; nor men,
 They're neither coat nor gown;
 Yet oft' both men and maidens, when
 They're *naked*, have them on.

What's oft' my belly, is oft' my back;
 And what my feet, my head;
 And tho' I'm up, I have a knack,
 Of being still a bed.

16. I'M in every one's way, yet no Christian
 I stop,
 My four horns ev'ry day,
 Horizontally play,
 And my head is nail'd down at the top.

17. I Daily *breathe*, yet have no life,
 And kindle *feuds*, yet cause no strife.

R E B U S E S.



1. ONE of the softest things in Nature,
Beareth the name of my dear creature.

2. A Famous old man of time,
And his children, the males of his line,
Give the name of my beauty divine. }

3. THE pleasures of the sportsman's chace,
The pledge of matrimonial case,
With twenty hundred weight beside,
Name her I wish to make my bride.

4. THAT of the pretty feather'd race,
Which most do courtly tables grace,
And o'er the mountains bends its flight,
Or lurks in fields with harvest bright,
For whose destruction men with care
The noblest canine breed prepare,
Bestows a name on that fair maid,
Whose eyes to love my heart betray'd.

5. THAT is a sweet thing, if you could it obtain,

Would refresh you, and make you forget every pain,
Restore your lost spirits, dispel all your fears,
Your sorrows divert, and dry up your tears.

If you guess what it is, you will then know the
Dame,

Who' tho' colder than ice, can make all others
flame.

6. A BEAST whose approach fills all others with
terror;

An object that's worship'd thro' blindness and error;

A bird that for grandeur in swimming is known,

A beast that diversion affords to a town;

A bird that by nature is solid and grave,

And a god that presides o'er the watery wave;

